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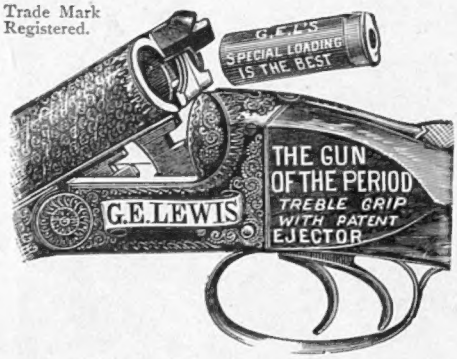

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No. 40.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 7, 1904 Price 6d. By Post, €½d.

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

The Duchess of Hamilton

Premier Duchess of Scotland and a great sportswoman

No. 40.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, September 7, 1904

The Topictator

We were not sure a week ago what was going to happen to us. With Russian warships seeking a refuge in Shanghai, and Japanese threatening to enter and sink them unless they literally came out and "stood to their guns," matters began to look glum. Then we heard that one of that champion pair of buccaneers, the *Smolensk*, was dangling about South Africa. We began to look at our soldiers and sailors with more interest than usual—we generally do when there is trouble brewing—but, fortunately, the Russian Government has given every evidence of its friendly disposition to this country. It is absurd of people to suppose that our merchant ships have been singled out for worse treatment by Russia than those of any other nation. Mr. Balfour effectively dispelled a lot of foolish rumours on this score, and now our fleet in African waters is searching for the elusive *Smolensk*, to tell her to go home quietly and give us no more frights.

Mr. John Redmond is valiantly holding forth in the United States on the subject of Home Rule. Incidentally, he it trying to refill the money bags of the Party. Home Rule, he declares, is soon to become a reality, for the Irish Party is in a position boldly to attack the British Government. We have never known the Party, even in the times of its greatest distress, not equal to the occasion of boldly attacking the Government. Political prophecy is apt to be worse confuted than any other kind of prophecy, but if we may chance a remark of this nature it seems to us that, so far from Home Rule being a vital plank in a Party programme, it is likely to die out from sheer inanition. The Irish

Mrs. Britannia to Sergeant Brue (Mr. Balfour): "Can't you make this fellow stop?"
The Sergeant: "Certainly, mum." *(He does so.)*

Now is that a fact or a mirage?

(Speaking in New York, Mr. John Redmond thanked the Irish Americans for the aid which they had given to the Irish cause, and stated that his Party was in a position boldly to attack the British Government)

More injustice

(At Worthing recently a cyclist was fined 5s. for riding without a light. Surely this is another case of gross injustice. We always imagined the fine was 1s., cash down)

Party have not supported the Opposition so thoroughly that Liberals generally are willing to throw aside every reform on which they are set in order to grant Home Rule to Ireland. Free Trade is infinitely more important to the nation than Home Rule, and, in addition to this, there are many good Liberals, who, while willing to see Ireland granted Home Rule to a certain degree, by no means endorse the drastic policy which Gladstone laid down in his last Home Rule Bill.

We believe that if, next year, the Conservatives resign from power it would be a great mistake for the Liberal Party to be returned unless they were ensured of a fair majority quite independent of the support of the Irish. After all is said and done, the Liberals of England must look to their own needs and necessities before worrying over Ireland. There is no reason why the Party should annihilate itself practically for another dozen years or so because Ireland desires to govern herself.

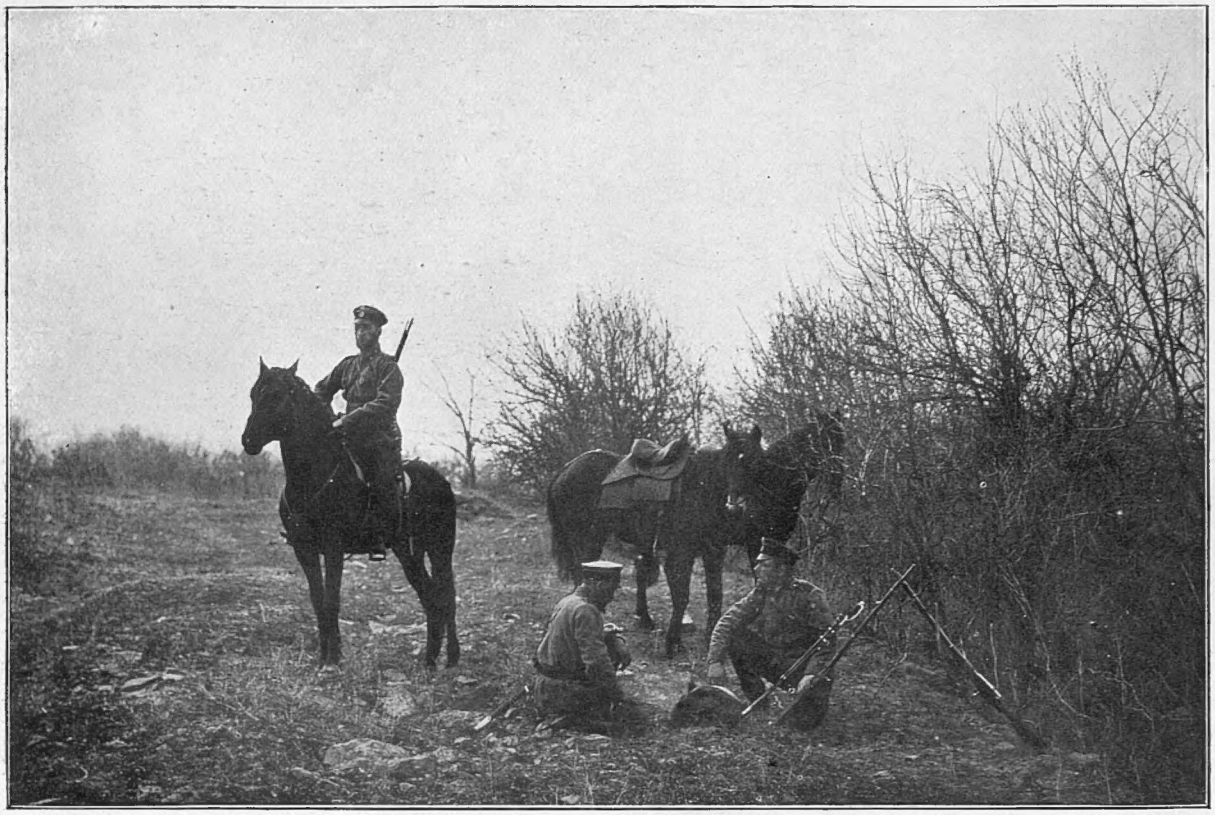
In China, mammas who have to intimidate naughty children, inform them that the Chunchuses are coming after them. These gentry have brought the science of organisation to a fine art, and as their exploits consist of brigandage on a huge scale one can see

"Hope we'll be feeling more ourselves by the time he knows us"

(In a telegram to General Kuropatkin the Tsar asked the Russian Army and Navy to stand sponsors for the infant Tsarevitch)

"Confound it, man, I must live!"
"Nothing more necessary, John, hence the suggestion"

(In a letter to a contemporary a correspondent suggests that John Bull should turn teetotaler for a year as a remedy for trade depression)



The Campaign against the Chunchuses: A Russian Volunteer Outpost at Vladivostok

that the threat of the Chinese mother conveys more of reality than that of the English mamma who holds out the possibility of the bogie man visiting her obstreperous offspring. There are, at present, about 180,000 Chunchuses scattered over Manchuria, who are proving themselves a thorn in the flesh to the Russians.

One of our photographs shows two Chunchu spies captured by the Russians and photographed before being hanged.

The Campaign against the Chunchuses: A Notable Capture

These two notorious brigands, Ko-ou-Zhai and Zi-fou-Zai, were captured by Russian Scouts near Vladivostok and hanged

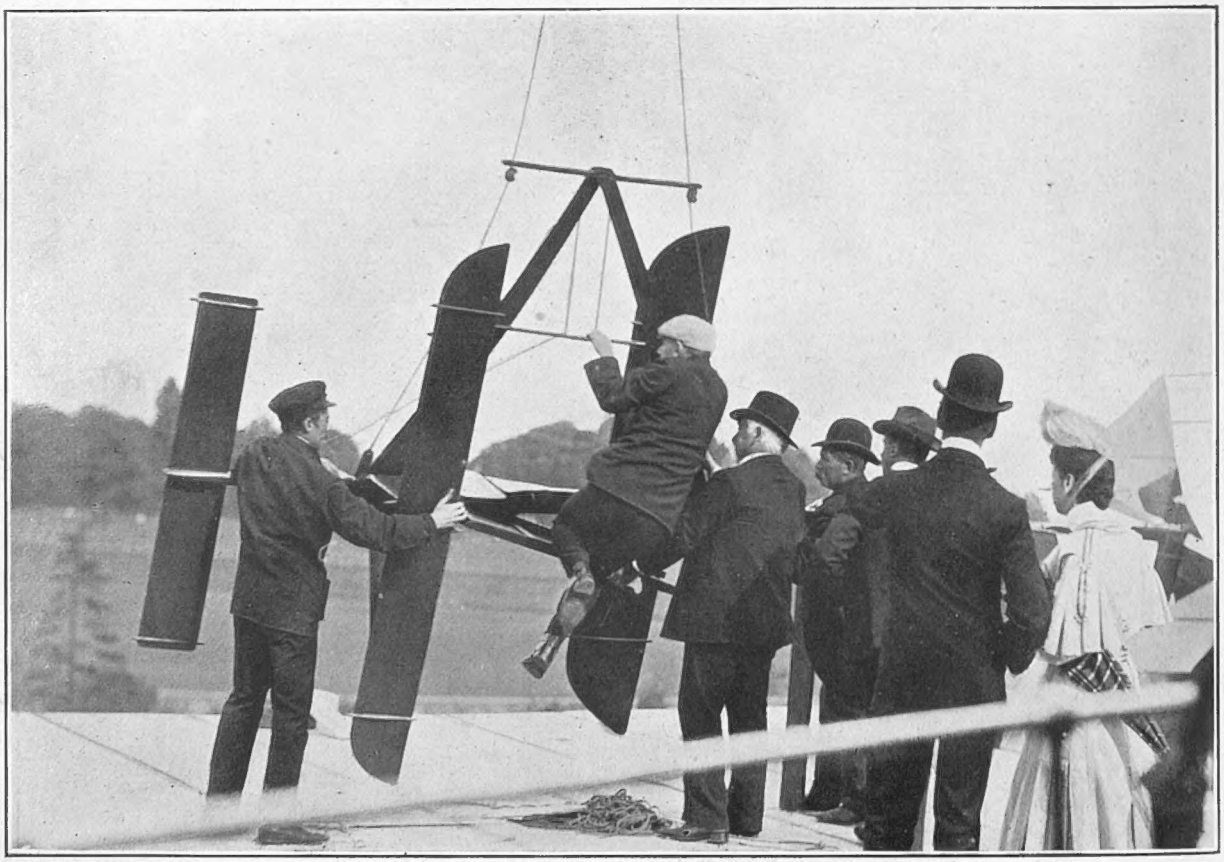
A Perilous Flight

"Why is Mr. Metcalfe Wood the first man to fly in your aeroplane?" asked an inquisitive onlooker of Sir Hiram Maxim at the Crystal Palace during the recent trials.

"Because he is an Englishman," was the answer; "whenever there is an enterprise on with a spice of danger in it an Englishman likes to have the first taste. Mr. Wood has the necessary pluck and nerve, and has volunteered to do it."

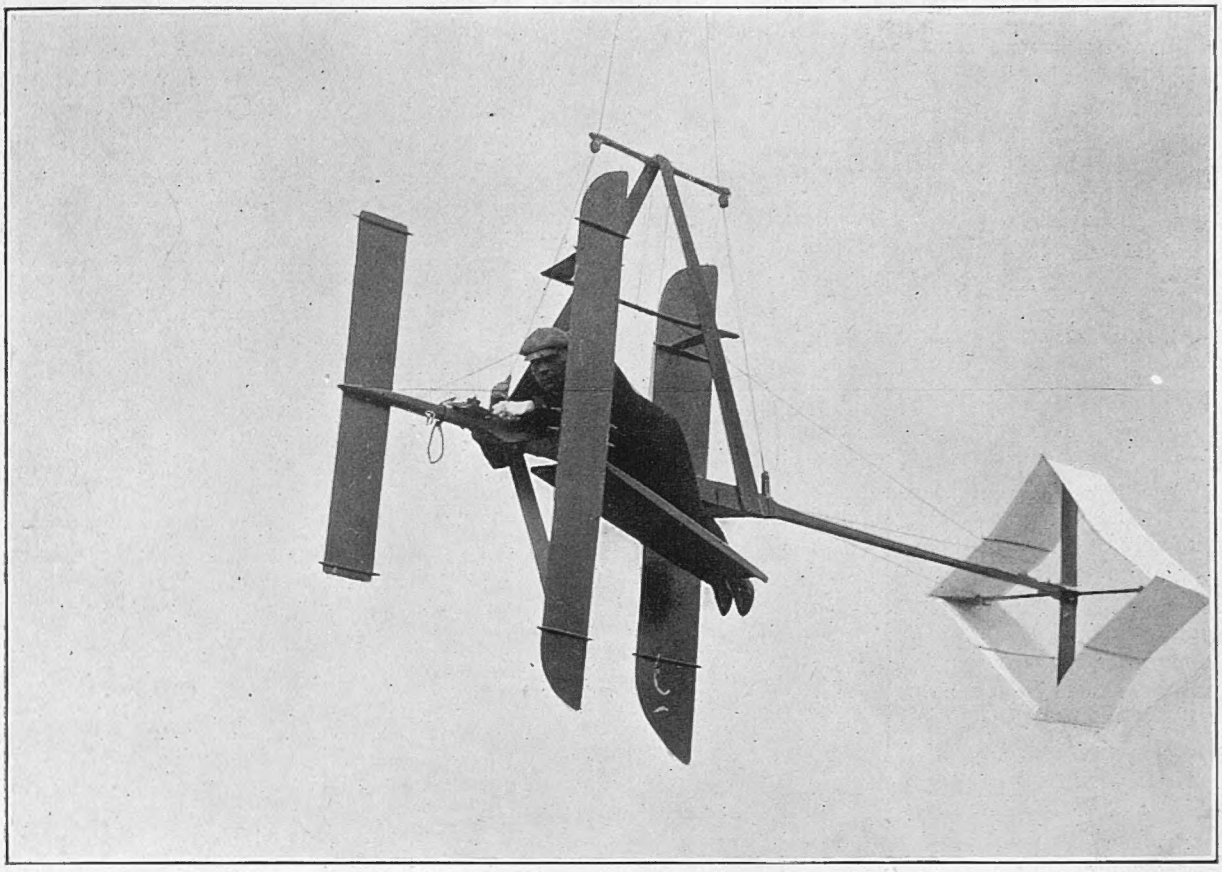
There was no doubt as to the nerve needed for the exploit. In his first flight, lasting several moments, Mr. Wood whirled through space at a height of from 70 to 100 feet in the air, and at the "maximum" rate of 100 miles an hour. For his second experiment, Sir Hiram Maxim (greatly pleased with the success of the first) attached a handle-bar just below the planes, connected by ropes to the four-sided tail, and with this Mr. Wood was able to steer his course, so that at the moments of his greatest speed he was making an independent flight. With increased velocity the three-quarter-inch iron rope, joining the aeroplane to the Maxim Air-Boat Structure, slackened, and offered no restraint to the aerial flight. The uses of this wonderful winged machine, when its human motive power is perfected by experience, will be many and various; but not the least valuable will be that of military scouting in warfare. There is no doubt that Sir Hiram Maxim's latest invention, simple as it seems, and in its infancy, is going to be a very "big gun" indeed.

Mr. Metcalfe Wood was a Clare man, and took his degree in modern history. He coxed the Cambridge boat for a time, and was a good gymnast in his college days. Since then he has been a University coach, an actor, and a dramatist, and, in his contemplative moments, a collector of old costume prints.



Mr. Metcalfe Wood mounting the Aeroplane, Sir Hiram Maxim's new invention

The great inventor expressed his delight with the success of the experiments at the Crystal Palace

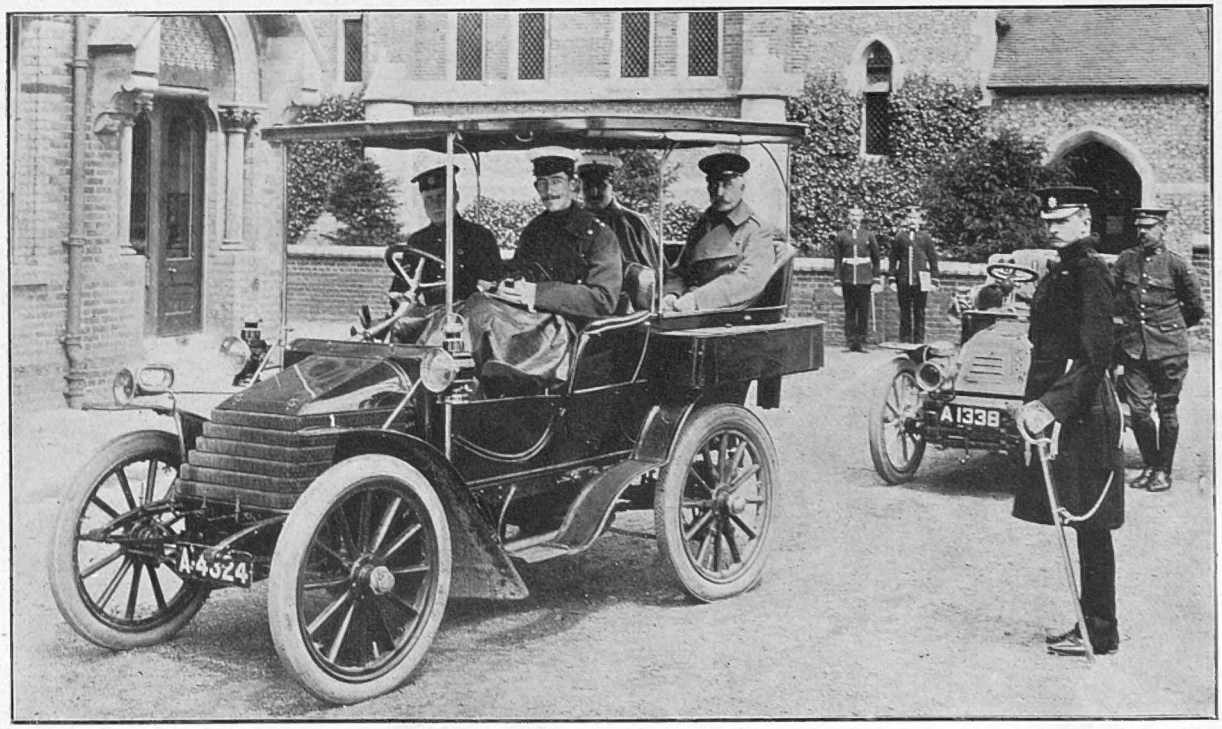


Mr. Metcalfe Wood on Sir Hiram Maxim's Aeroplane

The daring aeronaut, who was the first man to make a flight on the Aeroplane, actually achieved a speed of 100 miles an hour through space

A Welsh Singer

Miss Jessie Hughes, whose portrait appears over page, is a young Welsh singer who has a most promising career before her. A pupil of Mrs. Hutchinson, she has made a conscientious study of her art, and is already well versed in mediæval as well as modern music. Miss Hughes is also a most accomplished pianist, having studied under



The Army Manœuvres: The Duke of Connaught, Chief Umpire, and his Staff

The Duke of Connaught is seen in the illustration on the left back seat of the Car

Mr. Henry R. Bird, the well-known accompanist. Miss Hughes is a familiar figure on the concert platform, her last appearance being at Bechstein Hall, where she made a marked success. As soon as Society returns from its Continental junketing, Miss Hughes will be busy with engagements and "At Homes."

Lady Maxwell

Lady Maxwell, who is very popular in Society, is a daughter of Mr. Charles Bonynge, of Prince's Gate, and married, in 1892, Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, one of our finest soldiers, with a magnificent record. He served with the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch in Egypt, and took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; he had charge of a brigade at the battle of Khartoum, and was publicly thanked in both Houses of Parliament for his services. He commanded with distinction the 2nd Egyptian Brigade at Omdurman, while in the South African War he first commanded the 14th Brigade, and was afterwards appointed Military Governor of Pretoria. He has latterly been on the Duke of Connaught's Staff at the Royal Hospital, Dublin, and is now on the Headquarters Staff in London.

Photo by **Princess Louise of Coburg** [*Koller*

Who has added another chapter to her romantic career by making a sensational escape with Lieutenant Von Mattachich in a motor-car from the captivity imposed upon her by her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg

A Modern Romance

The adventures in real life of the Belgian Royal Family put to shame the imaginings of the ordinary historical novelist. The latest chapter in this amazing *feuilleton* concerns Princess Louise of Coburg, who, with a muttered "To motor-car and away," has escaped with the gallant Lieutenant Von Mattachich from the careful watch which has been kept on her actions for so many years. The feelings of her pursuers may be imagined. The story of her imprisonment would make for them most unpleasant reading.

Miss Jessie Hughes

A talented Welsh singer, well known on the concert platform

Lady Maxwell

Wife of the distinguished soldier, Sir John Grenfell Maxwell, and a popular figure in Society

Miss Nancy Price

Who gives a clever character sketch of a widow converted from her flighty ways in *The Chevaleer* at the Garrick Theatre

A Neglected Branch of the Profession

It is a common cry that the stage is overcrowded. The stricken are solemnly warned against the difficulty of snatching a livelihood from the boards. One branch of the profession, however, is sadly in need of recruits. There is a pressing demand for young character actresses. The raven locks of Juliet or the Parisian costumes of the leading lady in modern comedy blind the stage tyro to the advantages she might reap by making herself ugly in a character *rôle*. These aspirants should learn a lesson from Miss Nancy Price, who, fair of face and with a strikingly handsome presence, cheerfully makes a guy of herself when occasion offers. The audience almost gasped when she appeared in Mr. Malcolm Watson's clever playlet, *The Conversion of Nat Sturge*, at the Clement Scott *matinée*. It was hard to believe that the bishop's unprepossessing ward was being played by the engaging Miss Nancy Price. In *The Chevaleer* Miss Price has but slender opportunities, but she makes the most of them in the *rôle* of a young widow, whose conversion from ways that are flighty follows her engagement to a clergyman.

In Frivolous Mood

Simpson's, in a large advertisement in a contemporary, state that "a world-wide traveller recently re-visited their establishment and enquired the reason why the saddles of Southdown mutton and sirloins of Scotch beef at Simpson's were unequalled in any part of the globe?" The reply was—

"TWO HUNDRED YEARS."

We are able to give a similar instance. Another well-known traveller visiting a railway buffet, enquired why the sandwiches were so remarkably stale. The reply was again "TWO HUNDRED YEARS."

The telegraph boys at Newark (New Jersey) have all signed an agreement not to smoke or read sensational novels during working hours.

But how, we cannot help wondering, will the boys occupy themselves now. Surely there are not enough dog-fights to fill up the whole day.

A holiday-maker is enquiring for particulars of a quiet retreat for September.

He should apply to General Kuropatkin.

There has been consigned to Birmingham a monster king-fish, caught on the Aberdeenshire coast.

The Midland capital seems a peculiarly suitable resting-place for such a curiosity. The Birmingham giant herring is already known throughout the world.

A Perugia poet of eighty has been correcting his seventy-nine-year-old wife with a club for flirting.

The lady has now promised to desist.

This is natural. Most wives will promise anything to get their husbands to give up their clubs.

It is stated that a "statistician wants to know what becomes of muncipal coppers."

Would it not be well to enquire of the various local Watch Committees?

A musical horn for motorists has just been invented. In addition to other things, the automobilist will now be enabled to "run over" a few tunes.

Mr. Swinburne's volume, *A Channel Passage*, saw the light last week. The rumour that it would be dedicated to Holbein proved without foundation.

Tin, it is reported, has been found in Manitoba. It is, however, still scarce upon the Stock Exchange.

The good ship *Mohican* had a weird adventure whilst off Philadelphia on August 1. A phosphoric cloud appeared around them. "When the sailors saw it," says the captain, "they looked at the needle, and it was moving like an electric fan. The crew had a fiery coating." A kind of foretaste, this latter, for the truthful crew.

Squeals and High "Notes from a Diary"

We have of late heard so much of infant prodigies that the discovery of the diary of the child journalist will possibly be of interest. We have great pleasure in offering the following selections:

MONDAY.—To-day I was born, and had my first experience—though it was merely an objective one—of the great British Press. For during the morning a reporter from the *Daily Maelstrom* called to learn my first impressions of the world.

TUESDAY.—Alas! I am not as young as I was yesterday! Already I am beginning to feel the advance of years. My father and I have been discussing my future career. He wants me, he says, to be a "new journalist." Well, I suppose, compared to him, I am "new" enough.

WEDNESDAY.—My father has been to see the proprietor of the *Daily Maelstrom*. The latter expresses his willingness to give me a chance, but says he prefers younger men as a rule, and regrets that I did not come to him on Monday. Seems somewhat remiss upon my father's part thus to have neglected me in early life.

THURSDAY.—This morning drove down to the office in my pram. Mr. Illsworth at once invited me into his office. He informed me my first duty would be to write a leading article. I said that, so far, I had not even had experience of leading strings, and knew nothing of writing. "All the better for our purpose," he replied. "But I'm not sure about you. You're older than I like. Whether you can be sufficiently childish for us remains to be seen. See here, all you have to do is to copy the words on that board in different variations, and then fill in with a few verbs and things." Looked at board, and saw printed up words "Incubus," "Little Englander," "Free Trade Fetich," and one or two others. Got to work.

FRIDAY.—My first article appears. Am informed by proprietor that it does not contain enough insults to please him. Things looking bad.

SATURDAY.—This morning I was called into the room of the proprietor and found Mr. Illsworth looking very grave. He informed me that, much as he regretted it, he would have to dismiss me from his service, as I was too old. He again said he was sorry I had not come to him when quite young—and now I must go out into the world again. Too old, too old! *What chance has anyone of my age in the battle of life?*

PAID OFF

'I saw three ships go sailing by"

DRAWN BY SIDNEY G. ANDERSON

FROM ABROAD

The Curhaus, Homburg
Fashionable devotees of the "cure" take the waters daily in this building, which corresponds to the Pump Room of an English Spa

Sport and the "Cure" at Homburg

The Homburg season is now in full swing. All the Continental spas, especially those with largely advertised "cures" and in the neighbourhood of Marienbad, are reaping a rich harvest. Perhaps the breadth of view concerning the purpose of inland watering-places is partly responsible for this. Hitherto they were used solely by invalids who went there to "take the waters." Now, healthy outdoor sports—cycling, croquet, tennis, and golf—are taken up enthusiastically, and "taking the waters" has dwindled into a mere fashionable observance—to the greater benefit of the visitor. Having regard to this, the Homburg municipal authorities have set aside a considerable portion of the beautiful Curpark for tennis, croquet, and golf. The devotees of each of these sports are exceedingly well catered for. Tennis players, for example, are provided with twenty-six courts, while the croquet-lawn is one of the largest and best to be met with in any summer resort in Germany. The Homburg Golf Club was founded some ten or twelve years ago by the late Duke of Cambridge, and has a membership composed of practically all the leading residents and visitors.

The Croquet Lawn in the Curpark
Active games are the order of the day, and it is questionable whether more benefit is not derived from them than from the famous "cure"

The Tennis Court in the Curpark
An excellent tennis court is well patronised and the recent tournaments drew crowds of fashionable visitors

Fires in Austria

The continued drought in Austria has caused a perfect epidemic of fires, and during the past month over 1,000 houses in various places have been burnt, and from 6,000 to 7,000 people have been left homeless. Our illustrations are of the town of Gyongyos, which has mineral baths, and is situated some 60 miles from Budapest. The church and 600 houses were burnt down here, and many people lost their lives. The situation is made more difficult owing to the local fire brigades having no water with which to extinguish the flames, the springs and

After the Great Fire at Gyongyos, Hungary: The Ruins of the Monastery

Gyongyos is about sixty miles from Budapest, and has a population of nearly 16,000. The town is well known for its mineral baths

watercourses having run dry. At Kisucza Ujhely three hundred houses were destroyed, and six people lost their lives. Apart from the question of insufficient water, the fire appliances at these towns are, like those of many of the smaller English towns, very antiquated, and once a fire succeeds in getting hold, the town is doomed. Yet another huge fire on the Continent—that of the oil tanks at Antwerp—which, although a great deal of property has been destroyed, the effects are not so far-reaching and have not caused so much distress. Altogether, forty tanks, containing oil to the value of nearly £300,000, were all blazing at the same time, and the grandeur of the scene is said to have been indescribable. Sightseers from all over Belgium have flocked to Antwerp to view this mighty conflagration, which was burning for several days. It is another tribute to our English insurance companies that they will bear most of the loss.

After the Great Fire at Gyongyos, Hungar : Ruins of the Town

Altogether 600 houses were destroyed, and several thousands of the inhabitants were left homeless. This fire is only one of many which have recently taken place in Hungary owing to the great heat and continued drought

ADMIRAL TOGO—Man and Warrior*

By MURASAKI AYAMI

(OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN YOKOHAMA)

TOKYO, *August 3, 1904.*

One of the most commanding figures in the present war is the now world-known Admiral Togo, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Fleet in the Yellow Sea. Togo is now fifty years of age, he is descended from a fighting race, his ancestors being Samurai and distinguished for their brave deeds. From 1872 to 1876 he underwent a course of education on the British training ship *Worcester*, and with his quickness and rapid perception proved a keen competitor for his fellow students. Admiral Togo is a very strict disciplinarian—who insists on his men discharging every tittle of their duty—at the same time his fairness and kindness make him popular—nay more! positively adored, by his brother commanders, men, and all who come within his sphere. A friend of the present writer recently had the honour of meeting this distinguished Admiral on board his flagship, the *Mikasa*, a ship where everything, from her officers down, was businesslike, and spoke of a readiness for action at any moment. There were no signs of luxury in the apartments of these brave men; the Admiral's quarters were austerely furnished, the only ornament being a dwarfed pine tree growing in a low flower pot with a miniature landscape arranged about it, a present from the Imperial Household to the gallant officer on the eve of his departure from the capital. In his private life Admiral Togo is a fond husband and devoted father; he has a large family of sons and daughters; the former inherit their father's chivalrous and loyal ambitions. The home itself, situated in the outskirts of Tokyo, is a delightfully picturesque old place, surrounded with a garden that delights all visitors, filled as it is with artistic little corners and nooks, where lotus ponds, miniature bridges, and gnarled trees, blend into landscapes such as you see on a Japanese fan. Togo always wears the native kimono of heavy silk in his own home. In amusements or hobbies he has little time to indulge, but his collection of dwarf pine, maple and fir trees is a source of great pleasure to both the Admiral and his wife. Mrs. Togo shares with her husband the responsibilities of his rank, and the pride that comes from his position of allegiance. Much of her time is employed in earnest charity, in visiting hospitals, and in organising relief societies for the families

Admiral Togo's House in Tokyo

This view is of the back of the house, overlooking the lotus pond

* *(All rights reserved)*

The latest portrait of Admiral Togo

of men who have perished at the front

Written in Blood

That there are men anxious to die for country and Emperor, no one, who has been in Japan and witnessed the universal loyalty, could ever doubt. Neither the Japanese soldier or sailor entertains any thought of returning to country or home when called off to the front, and from that time his life belongs to his country, and it is an honour to lay it down accordingly. Of the hundreds of proofs I could give you of this, I think I could not do better than quote a little incident cited in a Japanese paper called the "Japan-Russia War."

Admiral Togo, Commander-in-Chief of the combined squadron, in his reports regarding the first blockade expedition, stated that, in enforcing his decision to block the mouth of Port Arthur, he proposed to raise "Kesshi-tai" (a corps of men resolved to fight till death), and immediately received over 2,000 applicants, some of whom sent in applications written or signed with their own blood. A warrant officer named Mompei Hayashi wrote: –

"Commander Hikijiro Ijichi,
"H.I.M.S. *Mikasa*.

"SIR,—I, being most desirous of participating in the volunteer corps now being organised, entreat you to select me, hereby sending in application written with my own blood.

"MOMPEI HAYASHI."

His Majesty, the Emperor, has been pleased to keep this blood autograph.

An Old Woman's Predictions Come True!

Thirty-four years ago, in one of the old yashiki* in Tokyo, on a certain bright June day, the dainty girl-wife of one of the proudest and most conservative of the Samurai presented her lord with a son, whose advent caused much rejoicing. So hale and bonny was this baby that, as he passed from hand to hand, and was fussed over by scores of admiring visitors, many prophesies as to his future were made. The courtyard and garden was filled with messengers hurrying hither with presents for the new arrival—toys, pieces of crêpe and silk for his dresses. When the baby was a month old he was dressed in gaily-figured scarlet and mauve crêpe, and, accompanied by members of the family, was taken to the Shintotempee, and placed under the protection of the patron deity there, and christened Takeo Hirosé, for this baby was none other than the hero of the battleship *Asahi*, the first officer of high rank to lose his life in the present war. When the little christening party was returning from the "Miya Maéri," as it is called, a great black butterfly, with scarlet spots, hovered about the servant, in whose arms lay the sleeping infant, and finally perched lightly on the baby's hands, and the old nurse smiled saying, "Oh! a lucky omen for our young master, for the spirit of his warrior grandfather comes to tell him he, too, will die fighting for his country." This is the story as told me by an old Japanese woman, who hid her face in her sleeve, and silently wept on hearing of Commander Takeo Hirosé's death.

MURASAKI AYAMI.

* The castles of the Samurai

Admiral Togo's Dwarf Pine Tree

This tree was presented to Admiral Togo by the Imperial household, and is one of his most treasured possessions. It is the sole ornament in his ward-room on the *Mikasa*

The last portrait taken of Commander Hirosé

The first officer of high rank to lose his life in the war. The Commander was blown up in the ill-fated battleship *Asahi*

"THIRTY-BOBBERS": THE FIRST CONSIGNMENT LEAVE DOVER

The Hamburg-American Liner "Moltke" leaving Dover, the new port of call for America

The rate-cutting war between the great steamship companies has resulted in a new class of passenger, the "thirty-bobber," so named for the price they pay for a passage to America

A Representative Batch of "Thirty-Bobbers"

This photograph was taken on the *Moltke* just before she got under weigh for America with the first consignment of "thirty-bobbers"

"At the Sign of the Times"

ON PUBLISHERS' ASSISTANTS, THE DALAI LAMA, Etc.

September's Associations

Some people associate September with partridge and stubble-fields; others associate it with a dreary return from what has somewhat romantically come to be termed the Silver Sea to their own particular drab portion of London. It all depends on one's habits. Personally, I always associate September with the announcements of publishers' clerks.

The Work of Publishers' Assistants

Look down the literary column of your newspaper and you will mark with pleasure the ingenuity and subtle attractiveness with which these young fellows portend the birth of literature. "The Duke of Wellington used to say that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. Mr. Dingley Carr, whose Tragedy of a Life Time' is to be published shortly, was himself an Eton scholar. We understand that the Life Time referred to is Mr. Carr's own, much of it having been passed at Clapham and on one of the Irish Loughs, or inland seas. Those who have been privileged to peruse the MS. say that the local colour is beyond praise."

MEN OF THE MOMENT—Illustrated

A "Thirtybobber"

The Charm of Inconsequence

I like to read that kind of advertisement. It is so delightfully inconsequent, so completely naïve. It does not hit you in the face, as advertisements about pills do. You do not feel compelled to buy Mr. Carr's book, as you feel compelled to buy Mr. So-and-So's Fruit Salt—for fear a worse thing happen to you. You are merely interested in Mr. Carr, and wonder what he had to do with Waterloo, and what he actually did at Clapham, and on one of the Irish Loughs. You are intensely thankful that you have not been—and never will be—one of those privileged to read the MS. Even the printed book you do not pine for. But the announcement adds an interest to September, when you come to think it over.

"Will he no come back again?"

What is "gentle pressure"? The question is suggested by the *Times*, which maintains that the Dalai Lama "should be subjected to such gentle pressure as may induce him to return to Lhasa." It certainly seems a pity that the Dalai Lama should have gone away for his holidays just at the very time the British Mission was arriving at his capital. He would have enjoyed seeing it. But the postal system in Tibet is atrociously bad, and who is to apply the gentle pressure under the circumstances is not quite obvious. No, a mistake was made in appointing the Mission so formally. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and no other, should have held the command; and then that wicked Russian agent wouldn't have been in it.

"Double, Double, Toil and Trouble"

Judges, police officials, and jurymen must really wake up, or else—as a contemporary justly observes—no Englishman's liberty will be worth a moment's purchase. This, perhaps, is slightly to overestimate the number of people who have doubles in this country—not to mention the chances of those doubles committing crimes. Still, four thousand petitions from prisoners alleging miscarriage of justice are said to have been received at the Home Office during last year; and it is painful to reflect that some of these may be innocent men. It is also painful to reflect—that in the cases of those whose misfortunes are the result of mistaken identity—the real rogues are still straying at large.

An Unlucky Misrepresentation

English law is a curious thing. A man who was shown the other day to have represented himself fraudulently to be a murderer was at once set free. Another man, who was shown to have represented himself fraudulently

to be a solicitor, was sent for trial. Humanitarians wish to know why, if the man was not a solicitor (which in any case is better than a murderer), he was not at once liberated?

The Ungrateful Finns

Finlanders are not so pleased with the birth of the Tzar's son as they would have been if a birthday gift to Finland had not accompanied that event. The form taken by the birthday gift is the partial incorporation of the Grand Duchy with St. Petersburg. The Finns object to this on much the same grounds as a fly objects to partial incorporation with a spider. Purely selfish grounds, of course.

A Rash M.A.

In a Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, that has been agitating readers of a ha'penny daily paper, an M.A. had the hardihood to propose that Shakespeare's—or Bacon's—grave should be opened. It was to be done reverently. I do not know how a grave is opened reverently, but the M.A. seemed to think it feasible. As it happens, Shakespearians and Baconians have fallen upon him with an equal zest, so that there is not likely to be any public demand for this particular form of solving a literary controversy, which after all has become a pleasant relaxation for many men who do not read the works of either writer; or those of a man as great—George Meredith.

Damnatory Clauses

To judge from this, and from that other contest which is being waged in the *Times* on the subject of the Athanasian Creed, literary controversy promises to renew all its ancient furies. Sir Henry Howarth has already called Canon MacColl "a well-known advocate of obscurantism," and referred to his "extravagant outburst of spleen and temper"—which indicates also the line the Canon has taken. In the course of time Sir Henry will, no doubt, think of some briefer, but not less forcible, phrase. This is as it should be. We are most of us far too polite nowadays, too prone to discuss matters with our opponents as if we conceived ourselves and them as equally endowed with the highest sagacity—which they—and we—so seldom are.

A Docile Steed

Artists, admirals, commercial travellers, soldiers—all have been lectured in turn by the Kaiser on how to fulfil their duties. And now it is said that the rational horse of Berlin, over whose intelligence so many German professors have waxed enthusiastic, is attracting the all-round Monarch's attention. No doubt a lecture on "How to be a Horse" is being prepared, and, after being delivered to the intelligent animal, will be included in the Imperial How-To Series.

The Fight for the Atlantic

It is the habit of theatrical managers in distress to issue free passes to anyone who will avail himself of them. Something very similar will shortly, it seems, be the policy of Atlantic shipping companies, if, at least, the rate war continues. It is very pleasant for emigrants, of course, or even for people who want a sea voyage to America and back. But what do shareholders think of having their noses cut off, so to speak, to spite a rival company? They may think it magnificent, but is it business?

Photo by *Bulla*

The young Tsarevitch, Alexis Nikolajevitch, going to his Christening

The infant heir to the kingdon of All the Russias was taken to the Peterhof Chapel in a gorgeous gilt carriage drawn by eight horses. His conduct, as he reposed in the arms of the Princess M. M. Golyzina, is said to have been exemplary

"Snakes Alive!"

"Snakes"—says the *Daily Chronicle*—"fortunately rarely trouble holiday-makers in this country, but the case of Mr. George Thompson, of Amersham Road, Harrow, is an exception and a warning." Mr. Thompson, it appears, picked the snake up in the Isle of Wight, and it, being a viper, bit him on the thumb. It is doubtful, however, if the snake realised that Mr. Thompson was a holiday-maker.

AT A MODERN DRUG STORE

"I want a small bottle of your patent Wrinkle Remover."

"We've run out of small bottles, madam. Why not take a quart bottle and get rid of the lot?"

CONCERNING MR. BALFOUR

(NO. 40 OF THE SERIES)

Surely no man ever earned more fairly than Mr. Balfour the rest after labour done which is the natural right of men. It is true that "rest" is a word having a peculiar meaning to statesmen in the enjoyment of power. Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, in his address to the jury in a famous case, spoke of the late Mr. Bardell as having "sought elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford." How that may be Mr. Austen Chamberlain doubtless knows; but certainly they are never afforded by the position of Prime Minister. The House is "up"; but its Leader, who would like nothing so much as six weeks in bed with the blinds down, has to be "up" too, and doing, to an extent which would give an observer, ignorant of the burdens of office, the impression that he was working pretty hard.

Method, however, enables the Prime Minister to obtain more rest than many a man could come by in the circumstances. Some of the rules of Mr. Balfour's holiday household are worthy of the attention of all who consider themselves likely to be, some day similarly placed. It is a standing order that he is not to be called before eight o'clock in the morning, for any reason whatsoever; but in the event of war having been declared against Great Britain, or of a new theory of the constitution of Matter having been promulgated during the night, the man who brings in the tea and draws the curtains at that hour is expected to mention it without unnecessary preamble.

This salutary regulation has certainly contributed in an important degree to the preservation of Mr. Balfour's health and the length of his drive. It is remembered that when, on the occasion of the sudden death of a distinguished personage whom we are not called upon to name, the Prime Minister was awakened at six a.m. by an officious butler, his game for the day was absolutely spoiled, and he took nine strokes to the "C.-B." hole at Whittinge hame (so called on account of its extremely easy character).

Another strict rule of the establishment during the time of rest and recuperation is that only the most important of the telegrams arriving while dinner is in progress shall be brought to the table, and that these shall only be handed to Mr. Balfour between the courses. No war news, however striking, is treated as important from this point of view; nor are by-election results or speeches by the Kaiser.

Further, it is well understood in all houses at which Mr. Balfour may be staying, as well as at his own, that certain things must on no account b· left about in the rooms Among these prohibited articles are blue books, battering rams, portraits of Dr. Clifford, copies of the *Licensed Victuallers' Mirror*, maps of the Far Eas , lives of Mr. Chamberlain, books written by Americans, schemes of army reform, new kinds of golf-ball, resignations of ministers, remounts, and large revolvers. It is also particularly requested of all persons residing in the house that they will abstain from wearing single eye-glasses.

Anything, in fact, that is likely, for one reason or another, to cause deep emotion of any kind in the Prime Minister is studiously kept out of his way

By the sedulous observance of such rules as these Mr. Balfour's holidays are kept elatively free from the crowding cares of office, and he is able to forget, for many hours of the day, the sorrows of the split, the threat of the malcontent colleague, the burden of Bowles, and the slings and arrows of outrageous Winston.

Among Mr. Balfour's personal tastes, two, which are by no means common among British statesmen, may be noted. One is the pleasure he takes in the study of metaphysics. Those who declare that the taste for metaphysics is five times as bad for a practical politician as the taste for drink, merely expose the profundity of their own ignorance. An intellectual pursuit which enables its devotee to assure himself, not merely that black cannot be proved to be black, and is, therefore, not unlikely to be white, but also that neither black nor white can be proved to have any existence whatever, so that some trifling confusion between them is unimportant —such a pursuit is of inestimable value to a party politician.

Another taste that plays a leading part in Mr. Balfour's life is that for music, which he has loved from childhood. Among the many gifts with which he is endowed, and which make the most Radical of us, in our non-partisan moments, proud of the Prime Minister, none, it may be conjectured, has yielded him so much unalloyed delight as this, the most refined and purest of human pleasures. The cultivation of that taste was one of the many acts of maternal wisdom done by Lady Blanche Balfour in the bringing up of the Whittingehame children.

To his mother's suggestion, too, Mr. Balfour owes his ability to boast that he is the only Prime Minister in our history who, at one time in his life, habitually cleaned the boots and knives of his family. The money saved in wages by the young Balfour's doing the household work went to relieve the sufferers from the great cotton famine in Lancashire —a thing that should not be forgotten in Mr. Balfour's Manchester constituency.

The Prime Minister, when at Eton, was his own Foreign Secretary's fag. Now he is the nation's; and it is to be hoped that the young nobleman who became Lord Lansdowne gave his fag a better time of it than the British Empire does. But no man ever filled that most responsible of earthly positions with more dignity or a better grace than Mr. Balfour.

The Premier at Work

The Wagers of Williamson

No. I.

By BARRY PAIN

He looked brisk, alert, and well dressed, as usual. He also looked jubilant, and I asked the reason.

"Well," he said, "I've just won a hundred from old Brown."

"I can't understand," I said, "why anybody who can pay if he loses, ever bets."

"I've not been backing horses," he said, "I've had some. Once the owner meant it, but the trainer didn't; once both meant it, but the jockey didn't; once all three meant it, and then the horse didn't. One must do something. My wife is always telling me I ought to find an occupation. And this was really rather a curious bet I had with Brown. You see, we'd been talking about advertisements. I did not believe in them and he did. I said advertisements were never read, and he said that the smallest advertisement in a good daily paper would be read by thousands and would be certain to produce replies of some kind. We finally settled that I should put three advertisements, not exceeding two lines in length, in the *Daily Mail*. They were to be of the 'Wanted' class, and I was to intimate in each one that I would pay well. If I did not get replies of some sort to all three, he lost his hundred. See? I started away with a feeling of confidence, and this was my first advertisement:

WANTED, A WHITE ELEPHANT. Good Price given.

"I chuckled over that a good deal, but not for long. At half-past eight on the morning that the advertisement appeared, I got a telegram saying that a white elephant and keeper would arrive on approbation that evening. It was signed with the name of a well-known menagerie proprietor. The elephant arrived all right that night, and I had the greatest possible difficulty in persuading the keeper to take it away again on the ground that it was not white enough. It cost me a little in backsheesh. I had two letters from Liverpool next morning; one from a man who had got a white elephant in stock, and another from a dealer who was expecting a consignment. That afternoon two more elephants arrived; they were not white in the least, and I cannot think what in thunder their owners sent them for. They arrived at the same time, and had a disagreement in the garden. I managed to get them out in the end, and I was only a melon-frame and a few shillings to the bad over it. But I was being talked about a good deal in the neighbourhood, and my wife didn't like it. Children used to hang about at the Lodge gates to see what was coming next. Also, it was indisputable that, as I had received replies to the advertisement, I had so far lost my bet. After the excitement at my place had died down a little, I fired my second shot. Here it is:

BLUE ROSES WANTED. Liberal terms.

"This time I was not fool enough to give my own name and address. Letters were to be forwarded to a number at the office of the paper. The week was nearly up, and I was beginning to chuckle over old Brown, when I met him. Did I tell you, for the purposes of the bet, the reply had to be received in seven days? You know old Brown? He is a very hard case. Nothing moves him. He just let me run on, and on the morning of the sixth day I got a reply that knocked me right out of time. It was from some fool of a chemist, who said that since seeing my advertisement he had devoted a good deal of study to the subject in his laboratory, and he could now furnish me with two methods for converting roses of any colour into blue roses. He sent me samples of shades, and stated his price. I never answered the letter, and of course he could not get my private address. But I was a good deal perturbed. You see, I'd had two shots, and I'd only got one left. I did not know what on earth to do. A feeling of blank despair set in. It seemed to me that if I advertised for a daily supply of pigeon's milk I might not actually get the milk, but some fool would read the advertisement, and write to offer me some substitute. I was thinking over it one night when we had been dining alone, and my wife asked me what made me so gloomy and absent-minded. I told her the whole story. Anyhow, it was just as well to give her a better explanation of those blessed elephants than I had been able to invent so far. She heard me to the end, smiled in a superior sort of way, and said she would write an advertisement, which would certainly win my bet for me. And what's more, she did it. The seven days rolled past, and I showed Brown the letter from the office, stating that no replies had been received, and he paid up like a man. The worst of it is that I've got a kind of feeling that I ought to give my wife a present out of it."

"Yes," I said. "But what was the advertisement?"

GOOD PLAIN COOK WANTED. High Wages.

"Simple, wasn't it?"

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Next week Mr. Barry Pain will continue this series, and further "Wagers of Williamson" will be detailed by his humorous pen

The Profession returns to Town for the Autumn Season

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Lewis Waller

Leaves his pleasant river retreat at Shepperton to open his season at the Imperial Theatre in a revival of "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner"

Miss Ada Reeve

Practices the incidental numbers in "Winnie Brooke, Widow," the new Comedy by Mr. Malcolm Watson, with which she opened her season at the Criterion

Miss Ray Wallace

Prepares for the autumn season with a whole stock of new songs for her entertainments in society, the chief feature of her programme being her wonderful imitations

A Canal up for Auction

Children playing in the bed of the canal near Alton

Lock-keeper's House, near Brookwood

Old lock near Wesleyan Mission, between Brookwood and Aldershot

The lock near Bisley Camp—canal nearly dry

A shady spot near Bisley

An old stone bridge over the canal near Aldershot

The canal crosses over the L & S.W.R. near Aldershot (North Camp

Two of the old canal boats in ruins near North Camp, Aldershot

(The Basingstoke and Aldershot Canal, which is to be sold by auction shortly, is thirty-seven miles long, and runs through some of the prettiest scenery of Hampshire and Surrey. It joins the river Wey, and so runs down to London—a distance of seventy miles in all. It has been allowed to go to ruin lately, and the canal bed is very nearly dry in places)

OUR SHORT STORY

THE VICOMTE'S COMPROMISE

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

History records, through gossipy old club warriors, that a man once reached him with the rapier—a scratch in the upper arm; but no one yet ever penetrated the urbane composure of the Vicomte. He lives behind a smile, in a glittering panoply of punctilio, a man of forty, with the polish of experience and the vigour of youth. Such a one rules in any society by reason of mere invulnerability, but the Vicomte carried with him always an armoury of graces and courtesies, a smiling acidity, and the keen complacency which is as much a weapon of offence as a shield.

He stepped back with his hand to his face, and the other men sprang up in a fuss of excitement. The boy was as pale as his shirt-front, but his eyes gleamed exultantly. What it was all about, no one knew—no one ever knew. There had been the usual drowse of talk in the smoking room, and the Vicomte sat with Arthur Pomeroy, chatting. His even accents rose at times, emphasised with the little pleasant turns of tone characteristic in him. Then it happened. The lad swore tersely: both rose, and the boy struck the Vicomte a ringing blow in the face.

The Vicomte stood away, and his hand fell. The other men noticed, with involuntary admiration, that, save for the angry red that burned below one eye—where the blow had fallen—there was no sign of the affair in him. He had the silken ease of manner yet, and even the cool, capable, all-comprehending smile.

"This is sad," he said, gently. "Very sad!" And that was all.

Colonel Le Brun laid his hand on Pomeroy's arm, and motioned with the other to the door.

"Better get out," he said briefly. "All that is necessary can be done without you. Doubtless you will receive a communication."

"If I don't," burst forth the young fellow, "I'll come and fetch it with a horsewhip."

Those who were watching the Vicomte saw him glance up at this. His look at Pomeroy was one of tolerance, even amusement. The boy coloured under it, and seemed to catch at himself. He was about to speak again, but the suave uplifted hand of the elder man quelled him.

"Colonel," said the Vicomte, in his delicate clear tones, all untinged by any emotion. "Will you do me the honour of receiving Monsieur Pomeroy's apology on my behalf?"

The Colonel bowed, but Pomeroy flung off the hand on his arm violently.

"I'm not going to apologise," he cried. "I'll fight you, sir, as soon as you like, but——"

"If you will make this communication to me," interrupted the Colonel, with icy politeness. "It is no longer the affair of M. le Vicomte."

"I am infinitely obliged," said the Vicomte, bowing to the Colonel. He turned and walked to the door. He had not addressed a single word to the young man since the blow had been struck. But as he passed out, he stopped and looked round to him. He was smiling still at that drawn young face, and there was a glint of steel somewhere in his expression. Then he bowed again to them all and left.

As the door closed behind him, the Colonel's manner lost its chill formality, and he turned sharply to the young man.

"*Eh bien?*" he demanded. "Your quarrel is your own affair, but let me tell you, *en ami*, that you are wrong. It is not a question that can be disputed. If M. le Vicomte holds the other view, your's is wrong. I hope you will allow me to convey your apology to the gentleman you have insulted."

The boy perched himself on the corner of a table, and lit a cigarette.

"Excuse me, Colonel," he said, watching his hand as he carried the flame to the tip. It shook a little, and he flung it quickly away.

"I do not apologise," he said clearly. "But—pardon me—is this not a matter you had better settle with some friend of mine?"

Colonel Le Brun restrained himself with a visible effort.

"I trust, sir, you will not make that necessary. It is as a friend—if you will permit me"—he bowed—"that I speak now. The Vicomte is sorely aggrieved, but I know him too well to think that he will insist on extremities in the case of a man so much younger and—er—of so little *savoir faire*. I earnestly hope you will entrust me with an apology."

"I am sure Mr. Dance will act for me," said Pomeroy, deliberately. "If you will call on him to-morrow, at the Legation, in company with some friend, no doubt an early meeting can be arranged."

"The Vicomte," said the Colonel, as a last resort, "is a swordsman of renown."

"How nice to be a swordsman of renown!" drawled Pomeroy. He was cool enough now.

"He is more," protested the Colonel, urgently. "He is a man unbeaten."

"That is to say, his defeats are all to come."

"Monsieur, you court his revenge."

"Colonel, you impede it."

The Colonel drew himself up sharply.

"Very well, monsieur," he said, coldly. "I will give myself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Dance."

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"I am sure he will be delighted," answered Pomeroy, courteously, and stood up.

"Good night," he said.

The men only bowed to him without replying. A quarter of an hour before they had been friends and familiars; now they bowed with cold ceremony. A little thrill of unease reached him, so dreadful a thing it was to have struck the Vicomte. He turned and left the room.

And so it came about that a meeting was arranged. The Colonel, with a smart friend, found Mr. Dance, who had been duly instructed, on the following morning, and an hour after dawn on the next day Arthur Pomeroy was to cross swords with the Vicomte. The Colonel brought the news to the latter, who received it with a gay little sigh.

"But what was the quarrel?" asked the Colonel, bluntly.

"Oh, it was an affair of his own, my friend; a private matter of that poor boy. I do not understand," said the Vicomte, with a shrug, "why it was to me he brought his tale. There was only one remark to make on it, and I made it. The result? We fight. It is sad, eh? but I am wondering—yes, I wonder *why* he sought this affair with me."

"For he sought it," he added, after a pause; "of that there is no doubt. It was to affront me, to fight me, he came there that evening. But why? One of my poor triumphs, perhaps, has piqued him. They invite wounds, these boys. And yet, it was not chagrin he showed. Tell me, was there vengeance in his face?"

To ask such a question was to pay an undue compliment to Colonel Le Brun's penetration. He didn't know, not he!

"I, myself, saw nothing of that sort at all," mused the Vicomte, playing thoughtfully with the tassels of his dressing-gown. "No; there seemed an effort in it. A thing he dared, one would say, needing all his nerve and will."

"Perhaps," suggested the Colonel, "he wishes to give proofs to the world that he—he—that he, in short, can ring a blade like any other?"

The Vicomte smiled and shook his head. "It is not in his breeding," he decided. "That is to be a ruffian. No, I have not found it out, but I shall hope to. It will be interesting. These young men, they live, too—but so tortuously. Ah, well, so I am to meet him. It is sad, very sad."

It was with a gentle resignation that the Vicomte went about his little affairs that day. A graceful and smiling resignation, true, but in all truth he viewed the affair before him, when it came into his mind, with a sort of pathetic wonder that it should have arrived for him of all men.

"As though I were a ruffian," he murmured, and allowed his thoughts to revert to other young men who had claimed his attention in the early morning when he himself was younger. He had a formidable record; saving that one scratch in the upper arm, which had proved fatal to the other man, he had as yet no experience of wounds.

"But a sword-point flicking about before my face—I detest it," he said, with a sigh. He had always kept that flicking pretty short, however.

But the motive for Pomeroy's attack on him was the problem that lay at the root of his thought all the time. When he arrived at his house he was still revolving it. His servant, who let him in, relieved him of hat, coat and stick deftly, and then informed him that a lady had called, and had insisted on awaiting his arrival.

"No name, M. le Vicomte," explained the man. "Only to say that she begged an interview on a matter involving you. And a thick veil."

"We begin to arrive," remarked the Vicomte. "I have had these visits before—very embarrassing. I will wager it is his mother."

"A *young* lady," mentioned the man.

"Then I have lost my wager," said the Vicomte. "A franc, I meant. Here is the franc, my friend. Then I will wager again it is his sister. We shall see. Do not lose that franc in the meantime."

The lady was sitting with her veil thrown back, and rose as the Vicomte entered the room and bowed to her.

"Monsieur," she began, and stammered to a standstill.

"It is Miss Pomeroy?" inquired the Vicomte, with a happy hint of self congratulation in his tone. "I am honoured. Will mademoiselle permit me to place her again in her chair?"

She sat down, and looked at him tearfully, unable to find the words she had so carefully prepared. A pretty girl, the Vicomte noted approvingly; the small, delicate, English type, as preferable to the large florid one as that in its turn is to the conventional Teutonic pattern.

"There is something I may do for you?" he inquired, anxiously. "It will be a happiness, if you will but help me to know what it is."

The girl was painfully agitated, but managed to breathe the words, "My brother."

"Ah, that." The Vicomte's smile was paternal. "Yes, I have heard that I have an affair with Monsieur Pomeroy. It is a trifle, then. You would ask me not to be severe? Is that it? I am happy, indeed, if I may render you any service so easily."

"But," she urged, in a low tone, "he will make you kill him."

"Make me kill him! Pardon, mademoiselle, but I do not altogether comprehend."

She leaned forward, with a tragedy in her dark eyes.

"He will fight hard," she said, pleadingly. "He is going to press you so that you must fight hard too, and then he will let you reach him and kill him."

"He will let me reach him—let me! It grows darker." The Vicomte passed a slender white hand across his forehead. "In truth, I cannot be growing old. Does Monsieur Pomeroy desire then to do penance, mademoiselle? I am somewhat puzzled."

"Don't you know," she asked, "why he sought a quarrel with you last night."

"I have not the least idea, upon my honour," protested the Vicomte. "It has bothered me ever since. You would confer an eternal obligation, mademoiselle, if you would make it plain to me."

"She watched him as he pondered"

"She is beautiful," he thought, as he watched her. "There is blood of Normandy in that stock. It is in the name, and it glows in this girl."

"He has debts," she was explaining. "Debts of honour. He has lost a very great deal of money, and he cannot pay it. It would be disgrace to fail when

the time comes, but he thinks that if he is killed in a duel now, there will be no disgrace afterwards—for us. So—so—"

"So he would pay his debts on the point of my sword," reflected the Vicomte. "It is a little small for that purpose. And I am to kill him as a matter of convenience. It appears—it certainly appears, mademoiselle, that your brother has not treated me very well."

He did not fail to note the swift flush of colour that answered his words.

"He is young," she pleaded. "He is younger than I."

"No one would have guessed it," said the Vicomte, with a bow.

"He is not a man of the world," she went on, desperately. "Only a boy."

She clasped her hands and looked at him imploringly. He walked a turn or two the length of the *salon*, and she watched him as he pondered with a shadow of hopefulness. At length he stopped before her.

"I believe," he said, "the matter can be adjusted, mademoiselle. It is certainly impossible that I should meet your brother under these conditions; but if—if he would do me the honour to accept a loan sufficient to enable him to fight on a fair footing, we may yet cross swords."

He was careful not to glance at the face that was raised to his, all brimming with gratitude and trust. But he deserved that look.

"But, of course, it may not suit him to accept," he suggested.

"He—he shall accept," she murmured brokenly. "And oh, monsieur, how—how——"

"And then, we can meet," he said briskly. "Ah, mademoiselle, that look wounds my vanity. Do you then really believe that he can lean up against my sword as though it were a tree? *Ma foi*, I will prove to you that he cannot. Honour shall be satisfied. I will—yes, I will cut his finger."

"And I must press on you, mademoiselle, my gratitude of the most extreme. It would have been very embarrassing to meet your brother had you not so kindly told me this. I will send my friend Colonel Le Brun—a most charming person, I assure you—to him to-night, and he shall propose the amended terms. And I will live in the hope of meeting you again."

He took her little gloved hand at the door.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, as she strove to speak. "Is there any need to say anything? Well, then, say it only when we meet again. *Au revoir*, mademoiselle, and a thousand thanks!"

The Vicomte returned slowly to the *salon*, and sat down in the chair she had occupied. He rang.

"Jacques," he said, when the man appeared, "it was his sister. Return me then that franc, my friend, for I have won!"

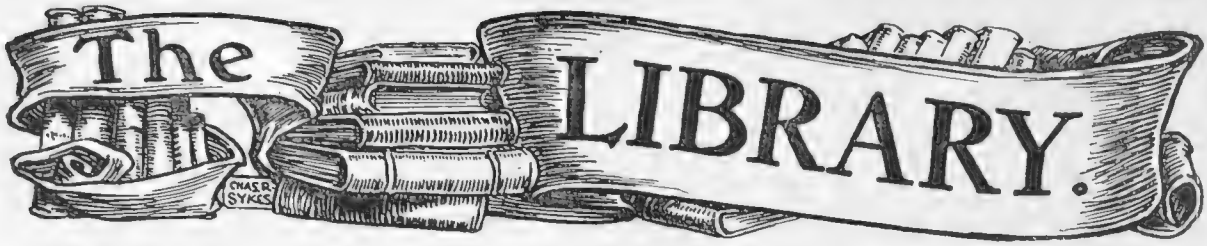
PERCEVAL GIBBON.

A Generous Offer

"Dad, look! Sweenie ate your slippers this morning—but if you want to punish him I'll lend you mine"

SPORT WITH ROD AND GUN

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL



OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

No. II.

Fleet Street, September 5, 1904

MY DEAR SQUIRE,—

You will be much interested in *The Garden of Asia*, by Reginald J. Farrer (Methuen). It is a series of "impressions from Japan," extremely well written, and conveying no small part of the colour and charm which are always associated with that wonderful country. I remember your saying to me that after India, which I know you have since visited, there was no country which drew you so much as Japan, but that you were afraid if you put off the long journey much longer Japan would be Europeanised past all interest. I confess that I have had much the same sort of feeling, but I am encouraged by Mr. Farrer's book. He has been all through the country, and I gather from his interesting descriptions that the European influence is only a slight veneer, except in a few of the coast towns, and in many places is not felt at all. As a lover of Japan, although you have never been there, I would advise you to read this book. It is absolutely full of interest, and I should say of novelty, for although I have read many books about Japan, I have learnt more from this than from any of them.

I recommend to you *Notes of an East Coast Naturalist*, by Arthur H. Patterson (Methuen), with some diffidence. They are very desultory, put together with but little method that I can find, often inconclusive and sometimes absolutely uninteresting. But they are the result of twenty-five years of close observation by a genuine lover of nature, and I don't believe that such a man would be capable of writing a book that did not please his fellow naturalists to some extent. At any rate, I am sure that Mr. Patterson's notes will interest you as a Norfolk man, and you will be pleased with Frank Southgate's coloured drawings which illustrate the book. You and I have often admired the fidelity and artistic quality of his work, and, indeed, I know of no one whose pictures of the wild life of the Broadlands are better worth having.

Considering the interest that is now taken in the question of Finnish aspirations and grievances, it is curious what a little we know in this country about Finland, the country, the people, or, indeed, anything but their history of the last few years. A little book, *The Grand Duchy of Finland*, by the author of "A Visit to the Russians in Central Asia" (Fisher Unwin), contains a short account of the history of the Finns, and though slight, is well worth reading.

For a lover of horses, I consider you, my dear Squire, wonderfully unprejudiced in your acceptance of the motor-car as a means of ready and even pleasant locomotion. In fact, I believe that if you had lived in any other county but Norfolk you would have been driving one yourself by this time. I remember how pleased you were with Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's story, *The Lightning Conductor*, which gave in such a pleasant form, an impression of the pleasure to be gained from a tour in a fine car. I have, therefore, eagerly looked through *The Princess Passes* (Methuen), by the same authors, which is described as "A Romance of a Motor." It starts off capitally, with a Mercédès car this time, and a gentleman, who has sworn never to ride on an automobile of any description, driving her through the streets of Paris on the evening of his first lesson in the art, and one or two other surprising adventures; but lo and behold! in chapter viii. the motor-car disappears entirely until chapter xxvii. is reached, and even then takes very little further part in the story, so that, in spite of the sub-title and the motors on the cover, you must not expect another *Lightning Conductor*. But the book is charmingly written, and contains a pretty little pleasantly-obvious mystery.

If you open *The Black Shilling*, by Amelia E. Barr (Fisher Unwin), at the page following the title-page, you will come upon these three lines by themselves:

> A little girl with her heart untouched,
> Singing alone in the morning of life,
> In the happy morning of life and May.

The latter two you will recognise as coming from Tennyson's "Maud," and when you have finished wondering what on earth such a line as the first is doing in such company, and being even admitted into the same quotation marks, your feelings towards the author of this literary outrage *in petto* will not be respectful. If you persevere, however, forgiving a good deal on the way, you will come across an interesting reminder of the almost forgotten, and to-day almost incredible, witchcraft scare in New England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Barr has used the curious figure of the chief witch-finder, Cotton Mather, amongst her characters. It cannot be said that she has made much of him, or much of a story, but her quotations from the papers of the time and her accounts of what happened, drawn from contemporary writings, are remarkable enough to make her book worth reading.

Believe me, my dear Squire,
Ever yours sincerely,
JASPER SPEKE.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Anthony Hope

Is it coincidence or design, think you, that the first novel Mr. Anthony Hope has published since his marriage should be entitled "Double Harness"? I have not yet had an opportunity of reading this latest book of his, but I am glad to know it is in his real vein and not another historical romance. Despite the popular success of some of his *quasi*-historical novels, I am inclined to think he has never had the full zest of his craft in the writing of them, and that he is always at his best when interpreting modern social life. "Dolly" is the best of his heroines, and in a sense she is them all. With what dainty grace, sparkling wit, and true appreciation of human character, has he written of London society. To a later generation he will prove a graphic chronicler of the manners of our time, and if the impression which those who come after may gather from his works be too favourable, remember that the chief characteristic of our society is a pathetic effort after cleverness. If society is not so clever in reality as Mr. Anthony Hope contrives to make it appear in fiction, that is simply because art is often more successful than nature! We talk of "Mr. Hope," but in private life this brilliant novelist is fairly tenacious of his full baptismal name, Anthony Hope Hawkins, and, of course, all the world knows that he is the son of the vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, at which church he was married to Miss Elizabeth Sheldon, of New York, on July 1, 1903. Mr. Hawkins has been a prominent figure in literary London for upwards of a decade, and certainly since 1894 he may be said to have held his place in the front rank of living novelists. Although he has written so much and so charmingly of courtship and marriage, he had just turned forty before he determined to "run in double harness."

Photo by Russell

Mr. Anthony Hope

Whose new novel, "Double Harness," has just been published

Is the English Novel Dead?

How fond are our critics of the dismal joy of shouting to the public that we are living in a literary charnel house! The drama is dead, poetry is dead, humour is dead. Hard on the heels of one who complains of "the plague of novels" comes Mr. G. S. Street with "an enquiry," in the current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, into the question, "Is the English novel dead?" Personally, I am persuaded that the English novel is pullulating with life. The mere fact that so much rubbis in the guise of novels is pouring from the Press just now is proof that the English novel lives: in art, as in religion and commerce, the counterfeit is always most abundant in the presence of the real. It is a safe assumption that whenever hypocrites are rife religion is in a good way. It is then that hypocrisy pays. The novel is to-day a veritable Aaron's rod in our literature, and for that reason an enormous mass of trash is inevitable, but alongside of it, and often overshadowed thereby, is "the real right thing" in no mean measure. It is a poor business this, of parading our arts as so many corpses awaiting burial.

Literary Prodigies

Mr. Zangwill, I notice, has just discovered in America another child poet. An evening paper gives the following sample of her "poetry":

> I'm not the silent one.
> I'm not like the stone, the nesting bird, or the shadow of the stone.
> I'm the romping, scattering one.
> I'm like the leaves, the grass, the wind, the happy little butterfly, and the little scampering clouds.

If that is poetry, I have half a mind to start in the business, as I am confident I could jog my Pegasus to as eloquent a measure. But, perhaps, Mr. Zangwill might refuse to "discover" me, and then, alas, I am no longer young. Mr. Zangwill has a weakness for

this kind of literary philanthropy; I remember that some few years ago he unearthed—also in America—a young Jewess, who was alleged to have surprising literary gifts, but of whom I have heard nothing more. Only the other day our sober dailies were publishing portraits of an English school-girl, and reproducing her verses. This, I submit, is mistaken kindness, and indicates a lack of knowledge of children and their ways. I do not hesitate to say there are many hundreds of youngsters who can write quite passable verse, and I have personally been in touch with scores of children from ten to sixteen years of age who have written "poetry" as good as any I have ever seen attributed to the prodigies of Mr. Zangwill and other kind-hearted exploiters. It is a complaint which some children take, like the measles, and we should be devoutly thankful most of them throw it off as soon.

Mr. Edmund Gosse

Anyone who keeps in touch with literary criticism in England and in France, must be impressed with the fact that on the other side of the Channel there is more serious effort among the critics of the Press to interpret foreign authors than there is in England. Of late, the *Westminster Gazette* anonymously, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his *Weekly*, have been doing praiseworthy work in this direction, but on the whole our Press is singularly deficient in its treatment of Continental writers. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, among English critics, has an unrivalled knowledge of modern French authors, has published during recent years, in the reviews and the daily Press, a number of studies in French literature, and it is welcome news that he is collecting these into a volume which Mr. Heinemann is issuing under the title of "French Profiles." Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose recent appointment to the librarianship of the House of Lords, with the snug little salary of a £1,000 a year, was a well-earned reward for his long and painstaking services to English criticism, is one of our notable writers who enjoy a high and intimate reputation in France. It was only in the spring of this year that he had a great reception in Paris, when he lectured to a brilliant audience on "The Influence of French Literature on English Poetry." On that occasion he made a very witty speech in reply to the toast of his health, proposed by M. Faguet. Mr. Gosse is, somewhat remotely, of French origin, as his family was of that goodly company of Huguenots driven from Bordeaux 220 years ago, and, as he told his French admirers, "if Madame de Maintenon had left the Huguenots alone he might have been born at Nantes." There is an excellent study of Mr. Gosse and his work in M. Charles Legras's "*Chez nos contemporains d'Angleterre*," in which the French critic describes his English subject, somewhat ungenerously, as of "small stature," though he is precise when he refers to "his gold spectacles, his leisurely movements, soft speech, and ecclesiastical air."

Photo by *Fradelle and Young*

Mr. Edmund Gosse

Who was recently appointed Librarian to the House of Lords, is one of the greatest English authorities on French Literature

The Hon. Stuart Erskine and Gaelic

I am interested to know that the Hon. Stuart Erskine, son of Lord Erskine, is issuing a work on the Highland peerage, written in Gaelic. There must be few of the Scottish aristocracy — and few commoners also — who have the remotest knowledge of that sweet poetic tongue, although I have reason to know that many moderately intelligent Englishmen imagine that the bulk of Scotsmen converse in it daily. A well-known London editor told me in all seriousness the other day he had been credibly informed that only five of the famous twenty-four "Wee" Kirk ministers could speak English! He seemed surprised when I explained to him that each of these persons had doubtless received a sound English education at one of the great Scottish universities. Scotland has its Celtic revival as well as Ireland, but there is no more hope of arresting the decay of Gaelic than there is of inducing Irishmen to talk and write in Erse. Mr. Erskine may, therefore, be assured of a small audience; but his enthusiasm is great. We remember his Jacobite exploits with Mr. Herbert Vivian in the giddy days of *The Whirlwind*. A later journalistic enterprise of his was *The Senate*, a really brilliant magazine, which deserved to succeed. A writer in a contemporary says its editor called it "the organ of *the* aristocracy," but this will make Mr. Erskine squirm, as he studiously omitted the second definite article, *The Senate* being designed as "the organ of aristocracy"—meaning thereby, not the "upper ten," but aristocracy of intellect.

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

The Hereford Light Car Trials

In previous trials, classes have been open to the small cars, but their performances have naturally been somewhat overshadowed by the splendid work of their big brethren, costing anything up to £1,000. These large and expensive cars have now reached such perfection that further reliability trials are hardly required at the present time. This year, therefore, the club wisely organised a trial for small cars only, and placed the limit of price at £200.

Number of Entries

In spite of the fact that no manufacturer can enter more than two cars, no less than thirty-eight entries were received, among which are included those by thirteen firms who have not hitherto taken part in the club events, which goes to show the great amount of attention that is beginning to be paid to this class of vehicle. Three of the cars entered cost £125, or less; six cost between £125 and £150; twelve cost between £150 and £175; while seventeen cost between £175 and £200. It will thus be seen that the man of moderate means will have plenty of scope for his investigations, and the result of the trials should be of great interest to the public.

The Nature of the Test

The trials consist of twelve runs of fifty miles each—600 miles in all. The first award in each case will be given to the car which makes the most non-stop runs. In the event of two cars in the same class making the same number of non-stop runs, the awards will go to the car which makes the highest speed on the three timed hill-climbs of the trial. Twenty minutes is allowed before starting each run for adjusting, replenishing, and overhauling a car, so that the

The Light Car Trials: 7 h.-p. Swift. Price £200

The Light Car Trials: 6 h.-p. Wolseley. Price £175

conditions which have been drawn up approximate very closely to those of ordinary working. In order that my readers may be able to follow the performances with a greater degree of interest, I append a brief description of some of the competing cars.

The 6 h.-p. Wolseley

Two of this company's light cars have been entered, and, under the club rules, are competing as a team. It may be remembered that one of this type recently won the gold medal for its class in the Glasgow to London non-stop trial; attracting too a good deal of attention by beating all the two-cylinder cars in the Woodcock Hill climb. Fitted with a single cylinder horizontal motor, 4½-inch bore by 5-inch stroke, the normal revolutions are 800, but it can be accelerated up to 1,000, and gives then a speed of twenty-five miles per hour on the level. All moving parts are carefully balanced, and a heavy fly-wheel ensures smooth running. The price is £175.

The Swift

The Swift Motor Company of Coventry was amongst the first firms in England to make a small car, and the result of their experience is embodied in their new type, which contains several improvements. The *chassis* is of the tubular type, a good specimen of high-class brazing, and is well stayed throughout. A single cylinder vertical motor, working up to 1,800 revolutions, supplies the power, which is transmitted through Panhard type of gearing to a bevel and thence to the road wheels. There are three speeds forward and reverse, all controlled by one side-lever. The Swift Company have met the objections to a live axle by making theirs unusually stout, supporting it on four large ball bearings, and strengthening it by two diagonal stays and a fore and aft tie rod. The price asked is £175, which considering the excellence of the workmanship throughout, is not too much.

The Brown Car

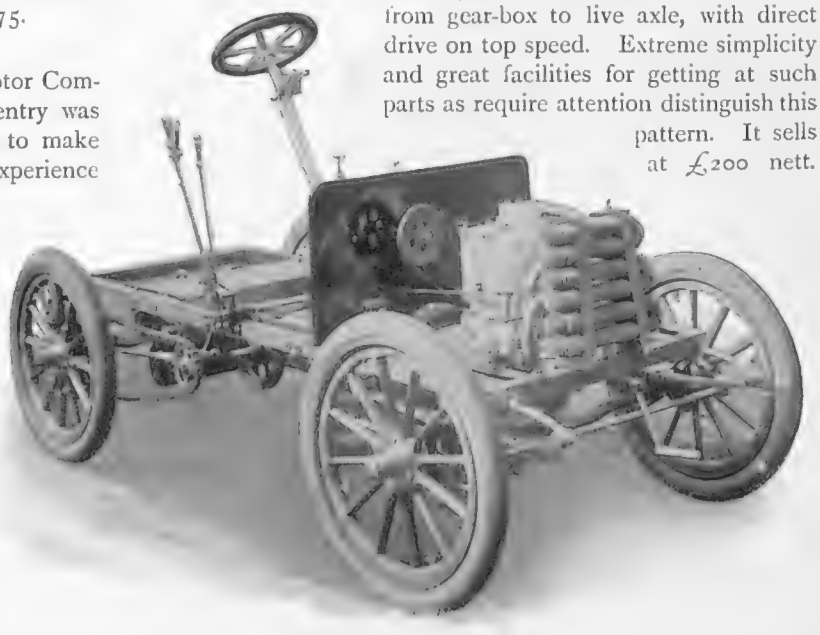
The 8 h.-p., which Messrs. Brown Bros., of Newman Street, are running in Class C, has a vertical engine, giving its power at 1,200 revolutions. There are three speeds and reverse, third speed being direct. Transmission is effected through a ball-bearing gear-box, cardan shaft, and rear live axle, all these being made of ample strength. Oiling is well looked after, a Dubrulle mechanical lubricator and a hand force-pump being fitted. With two seats, the car is priced at £175.

The Siddeley

This 6 h.-p. light car, which possesses the club's 100-mile non-stop run certificate, is like the Wolseley light car described above, except that it has the fashionable shape of bonnet, with gilled radiator in the front. Its price is £175.

The Humber

This old-established firm has entered two cars, a 6½ h.-p. Humberette and a new 7½ h.-p. type; the latter has a two-cylinder engine, 3½-inch bore, 4-inch stroke, developing its power at 1,200 revolutions per minute. Transmission is by flexible shaft (self-lubricating universal joints) from gear-box to live axle, with direct drive on top speed. Extreme simplicity and great facilities for getting at such parts as require attention distinguish this pattern. It sells at £200 nett.



The Light Car Trials: Chassis of the 7 h.-p. Two-cylinder Star. Price £175

The Two-Cylinder Star Car

This car has recently been attracting attention by reason of its economical petrol consumption. Fitted with a two-cylinder balanced engine it develops a good 7 h.-p. Transmission is of the Panhard type, the frame of specially-seasoned wood, strengthened with steel flitch plates. Powerful metal to metal brakes are provided, and irreversible steering is fitted. With two-seated body, the little Star is priced at £175, and is good value for money.

De Nevers Solid Tyres

R. Reynold Jackson and Company are running a two-seater at £125. The engine is a 6 h.-p. De Dion, and as the car only weighs 9 cwt. it should climb well. It is the only solid tyred vehicle in the trials, and will demonstrate the efficiency and ease of running obtained by users of the De Nevers grooved tyre. The body is well designed, good space being provided for luggage room for touring purposes.

A Cheap Four-Cylinder

The Chriton Automobile Company have created a record in entering a four-cylinder car, priced at £195. The engine, cylinders of which are 3in. by 3½in., has M.O. valves and develops 10 h.-p. Transmission is through a three-speed gear-box, cardan shaft, and live axle. The car has a nicely-finished body, with two bucket seats, and if it performs well, orders should be plentiful

Police Traps

A correspondent from Hexham makes a claim for the fulfilment of our promise to forward a free copy of THE BYSTANDER for twelve weeks to any motorist caught in a regular police trap other than those mentioned in my list, who wires me particulars of his capture. No better illustration of the efficacy of our system of publishing a list of the police traps could be brought forward than the sad case of this correspondent, who was recently fined £6. For, exactly five days before his capture on August 8, at Buckden, *viz.*, in our issue for August 3, this very trap headed the list. If my correspondent had read his BYSTANDER, as he alleges, he would have been saved a heavy fine. The claim has, of course, not been established, but as, perhaps, I did not make myself quite clear I will place my correspondent on the free list for twelve weeks. In future no claim can be allowed for a trap which has already been published. For the benefit of motorists it may be stated that the list commenced in the issue of July 27. I advise my readers to

RETARD THE SPARK

Through Larkfield, on the London to Maidstone road.
At Lewtrenchard, Cornwall.
From Croydon to Purley (several measured distances).
Between Southend Pond and Beckenham Station.
Outside Warwick, on the road to Stratford-on-Avon.
Near Potter's Bar.
At Lifton, near Launceston.
In Devonshire, between Colyford and Seaton.

And at Surbiton, on the Portsmouth road (this old friend having been completely overhauled and "re-ambushed," is again working with its usual accuracy).

The Light Car Trials: 7½ h.-p. Humber. Price £200

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

International Golf

Some time ago in these pages, in writing about American golf, I remarked on the rapid growth of the game among our cousins, and I ventured to prophesy that some day we should have international golf matches equalling in interest the great cricket encounters between Australia and England. The victory of Mr. Travis in the Amateur Championship, and the excellent form shown by Mr. Byers, and the other American competitors, go to prove that the day is near at hand when America will be able to put up a team that will take a lot of beating, and that will make our best selected team have an anxious time. I see that Mr. Low has been impressed with the same idea, and has, in the pages of a contemporary, given expression to his view that the time is approaching when this question of international golf will come to the fore, and that it is our duty to consider the formation of some body which should regulate international matches. For, as Mr. Low very justly observes, we are confronted at present with the "difficulty of finding a body in this country who will take the trouble to consider the question of international golf, and, if necessary, send an invitation across the water." I am very glad to see that Mr. Low is ventilating the subject in such a timely manner. No man is better fitted for such a task than the jovial and admirable skipper of the Oxford and Cambridge Society's team in America, for his trip over there has made him well acquainted with the leading golf officials and players in America, and whenever an international board is formed he will have an overwhelming claim to a leading position on it.

Duties of an International Board

Commenting on the above-quoted opinion of Mr. Low, our excellent contemporary, *Golfing*, takes occasion to remind its readers that it has been trying to impress this question on the minds of golfers for some years, and that it, therefore, welcomes Mr. Low's advocacy. *Golfing* then proceeds to opine that Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Hilton, and myself, are of the same mind, and calls upon us to take the matter up. I am taking the earliest opportunity of responding to this courteous invitation, as I consider the matter is one of immense importance to all the best interests of golf, and it is of vital import that we should bestir ourselves in finding or constituting a body which should administer all questions relating to international matches in a dignified and proper spirit, a body of sufficient standing and importance to have it rulings and decisions respected by the whole community of British golfers. I can conceive nothing more disastrous than that we should be caught napping by a proposition

W. J. Travis (America) Putting. Observe the follow through

Every golfer will remember Mr. Travis's brilliant victory in this year's Amateur Championship at Sandwich

E. W. Blackwell (England) getting out of the bunker at seventh hole at Sandwich

This photograph was taken during the Travis-Blackwell match in the final for the Amateur Championship at Sandwich, 1904

SOME PROBABLE INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

J. Graham at the maiden in his match with R. Maxwell

Amateur Championship, 1904

Tom Vardon at the starting box, Sandwich

An interested spectator of the Amateur Championship, 1904

SOME PROBABLE INTERNATIONAL REPRESENTATIVES

for an international match without having given due thought and deliberation to the establishment of a council, board, or body, call it what you will, to whom such a challenge would naturally be addressed, and whose duty it would be to select our team and decide on what course or courses the matches, when on this side, should be played.

A Suggestion

As an old and loyal member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club it would rejoice my heart if that club would, from among its members, constitute a strong representative committee, which might be called the International Match Committee. There are representatives of nearly all the leading clubs of Great Britain and Ireland among the members of the Royal and Ancient, and it would be just as easy to select from among them a truly representative committee as it was found to be when the present Rules of Golf Committee was formed. Personally, I do not see why the Rules of Golf Committee should not have these further powers granted to them, but opinions may differ as to the wisdom of such an idea, and it is important that in such a serious matter as international golf the body constituted on our side to adjudicate on international golf questions should have the unanimous voice of golfing opinion over here behind them. It might be argued that the question of international golf would be outside the purview of the Rules of Golf Committee, and it might be further said that the body which should deal with international golf should not be confined to the members of one club, however eminent and representative, but should be selected from among the leading clubs of the three kingdoms. If prevailing opinion be found to favour such a view, there is yet another body ready to our hand on whom we can fall back.

A Possible Alternative

We have already two forms of international matches between England and Scotland—one for amateurs, the other for professionals—and both matches are administered by an international board of selection. Now, why should not this board be developed into a properly constituted body, under the ægis of the leading clubs, and have full powers allotted to it for regulating all international matches, whether between sections of the United Kingdom or between the United Kingdom and America, Australia, Canada, or any other golfing community of the world? The professionals would have no difficulty in constituting an International Board, as they nearly all belong to that powerful body, the Professional Golfers' Association, out of whose members a most representative body could be readily formed. If the Royal and Ancient Golf Club would take the matter up and assume, in this and other golfing matters, an active instead of a tacit leadership, all our difficulties would speedily vanish. Failing such initiative, I think we should do well to turn our attention to the International Board of Selection, and see whether we could not build it up into a strong and representative body truly fitted for the great task of administering international golf politics in a proper and authoritative manner.

Ernest Lehmann

Impressions of Irish Life

FROM A HOLIDAY-MAKER'S SKETCH BOOK

The Play—and the Players

The Garrick Theatre

"The Chevaleer." By Henry Arthur Jones

Mr. Arthur Bourchier is one of our cleverest character actors, and, like his kind, can breathe reality into a host of varied stage individualities. It may fairly be presumed, however, that a character actor turns with relief from the many disguises by which he masks his personality, to the portrayal of one character which he can, without exaggeration, infuse with his favourite mannerisms.

Mr. Bourchier is at his best when a kindly playwright allows him to sputter.

Mr. Bourchier's sputter is most effective. He draws in his breath with a hiss like a snake and expels it with a reverberant "Boo!" Mr. Bourchier's hisses and boos are the signal for the public to laugh and applaud.

The "Chevaleer" is a sputterer of the first water. His scale of cacophony expresses many emotions. The first note is a yawn as he emerges from the folds of a tarpaulin beneath the hall table of "The Woolpack Hotel," Grandbury. After this effective appearance, the Chevaleer sputters and mouths in a style befitting one whose title has been "conferred by himself for many distinguished actions."

Not a bad sort this master showman, owner of many steam roundabouts, and inventor of the World's Great Palace of Illusion. And when, by a happy chance, he rolls forth from his drunken slumbers—an entrance which would bring joy to the heart of any comedian—at the precise moment that a married lady of title and her harmless boy-adorer have finished expostulating with each other on the construction which is likely to be put upon their sleeping beneath the same roof on the same night, our wily Chevaleer rises to the occasion by lying low and saying nothing

On this irreproachable faculty of the Chevaleer's, of not telling when he knows nothing to tell, the whole plot of this most amusing farce—I was nearly writing comedy—turns. His manner is quite sufficient to inspire alarm in the breast of the most innocent. When he clears his throat the least blameworthy start guiltily; the flourish with which he emphasises his eloquent periods is an accusatory gesture at the breasts of those who have harboured no wrong.

The guilty innocents, Lady Kellond and Charlie Inskip, tremble at the slightest move of the Chevaleer; when he sputters, their misery is complete.

As I have already given to understand, the Chevaleer is a part in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier fairly revels.

His humour is of the most unctuous. The "high falutin" phraseology with which the Chevaleer, on his own confession, conceals his ignorance, fairly rolls off the actor's tongue.

Miss Nancy Price played with some skill the tiny *rôle* of a widow who has given up being flighty on her engagement to a clergyman. She looks down her nose very prettily.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh is forced by the dramatist to be in a state of continual jumps. She starts here, she darts there, she trembles, and she gasps, and her nimble forearm shoots out like an adder's tongue.

But she is not permitted by the dramatist to enjoy any cessation from her fears, and her alarms become in consequence slightly monotonous.

Mr. Sidney Valentine played Nokes, the moral showman, in an earnest spirit of comedy which rather showed up the farcical readings of his *confrères*.

Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones needs to put a little more life into her performance. It is one thing to play with so-called "artistic restraint"; it is another to be colourless.

Mr. Walter Pearce started badly in the *rôle* of the lordling Eton boy, partly, perhaps, because the character was not very accurately drawn. The Earl of Birdlip was more like a member of the firm of Stalky and Co. As he proceeded, Mr. Pearce improved, and, with more help from his fair companion, might have succeeded in introducing the note of comedy which the dramatist aimed at.

The Chevaleer may be sneered at by some for a one-man play, but it is a genuinely amusing entertainment, which has started the ball of the autumn season rolling right merrily.

The Royalty Theatre

"The Chetwynd Affair." By R. Kennedy-Cox

The Chetwynd Affair beggars description. No one could give, by the mere agency of the pen, a faithful account of its unspeakable badness. Fortunately, the audience, bewildered throughout a whole act, suddenly lighted upon the sole manner of treating the piece. They received it in the gentle spirit of irony, and had a most enjoyable evening.

To put the case simply, the play is a dreary waste of verbiage from start to finish.

When the characters commenced to talk, there was positively no topic on which they might not arrive. When they were apparently stumped, someone, with an irrelevancy which in itself was unspeakably humorous, would ask a question and start a new train of subjects, as, for instance, "How do you young men get on at the University without women?" At this specimen of inconsequence the house rocked in almost hysterical joy.

The Chetwynd Affair has laid for me a dreary dramatic ghost. As a very small boy I remember being taken to see a piece at Torquay in which there was a garden scene containing an old gardener who was so boring that I became tearful with vexation and demanded to be taken out, which was done—to the relief of my neighbours.

Whenever a piece is inclined to be talky, memory calls up the picture of a stiff row of glaring hollyhocks and an unspeakably horrid old man. He has been utterly banished by the principals in *The Chetwynd Affair*.

We were told by the paragraphists that Mr. Kennedy-Cox wrote the piece when he was seventeen years of age. He must have been a very backward boy.

The New Theatre

"Beauty and the Barge," By W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker.

Mr. Jacobs's piece at the New Theatre, delightful as it is, proved in one respect a bit of a disappointment to his most sincere admirers.

The latter looked in vain for their old friend, the mate, who is kept in a state of continual astonishment by the vagaries of his skipper.

There was a mate, indeed, but he was astonished at nothing. Indeed, he held the key of the situation —no great burden—in his hands. In default of the astonished mate, the amorous skipper was very much to the fore. A delightful personage at all times, he stepped from story to stage with the assurance of one who treads his own gang-plank.

Mr. Cyril Maude had steeped himself in the indefinable humour of the novelist. For there is no explaining the fine points of Mr. Jacobs's humour. It is the humour of characterisation, you argue—but he has but half-a-dozen types whom one loves for their sameness; of situation perhaps—but their adventures are such as each day befall the seafaring denizens of a port. If they roll into a bar we chuckle, when they order drinks we roar. It is impossible to argue about the humour of these proceedings. They are too funny for words.

This delicate spirit of boisterous fun impregnates *Beauty and the Barge*. It is a saturnalia of our old friends—all except the mate. We could have wished that the astonished mate had been present.

Criterion Theatre

"Winnie Brooke, Widow." By Malcolm Watson

To judge by the relation which the first act of *Winnie Brooke, Widow*, bears to the remaining two, Mr. Watson might take rank among the novices who write excellent first acts and cannot keep up the pace.

Mr. Watson made a most promising start. He caused a Brotherhood of Celibates to be housed in propinquity to a seminary of young ladies, and made the most of this rather obvious situation.

Furthermore, he brought a young widow, Winnie Brooke, into the brothers' Retreat, and missed few of the points which the wise foresaw would arise from this pleasant intrusion. Again, Mr. Watson, piling up the good things into his first act, drew two comedy characters, a laundry maid and an odd boy, played respectively and admirably by Miss Drusilla Wills and Mr. Walter L. Rignold. Directly, however, the characters left the calm of the Retreat for the excitements of the gay world they became unspeakably dull. The founder of the Brotherhood fought valorously against the toils of the fascinating widow. She was fairly forward, but could not overcome his timidity. For a bad quarter of an hour, towards the end of the piece, the audience felt that she was losing ground, and dreaded lest the deadlock should result in even more delay than was actually experienced Fortunately, "Winnie Brooke" sang a song, and completed a difficult capture. But who could resist Miss Ada Reeve when she sings? E. C. S.

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE:" The beautiful New Ballet at the Alhambra

The Triumph of Peace

This scene which affords a fitting climax to a beautiful ballet represents the Triumph of Peace. The costumes of the different nations, their insignia, and their banners, make up a gorgeous spectacle.

The Dance of all Nations

The Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy

Russia attempts unsuccessfully to envelop Japan in her Flag

SCENES FROM THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET

THAMES VALLEY SAILING CLUB MATCH AT HAMPTON

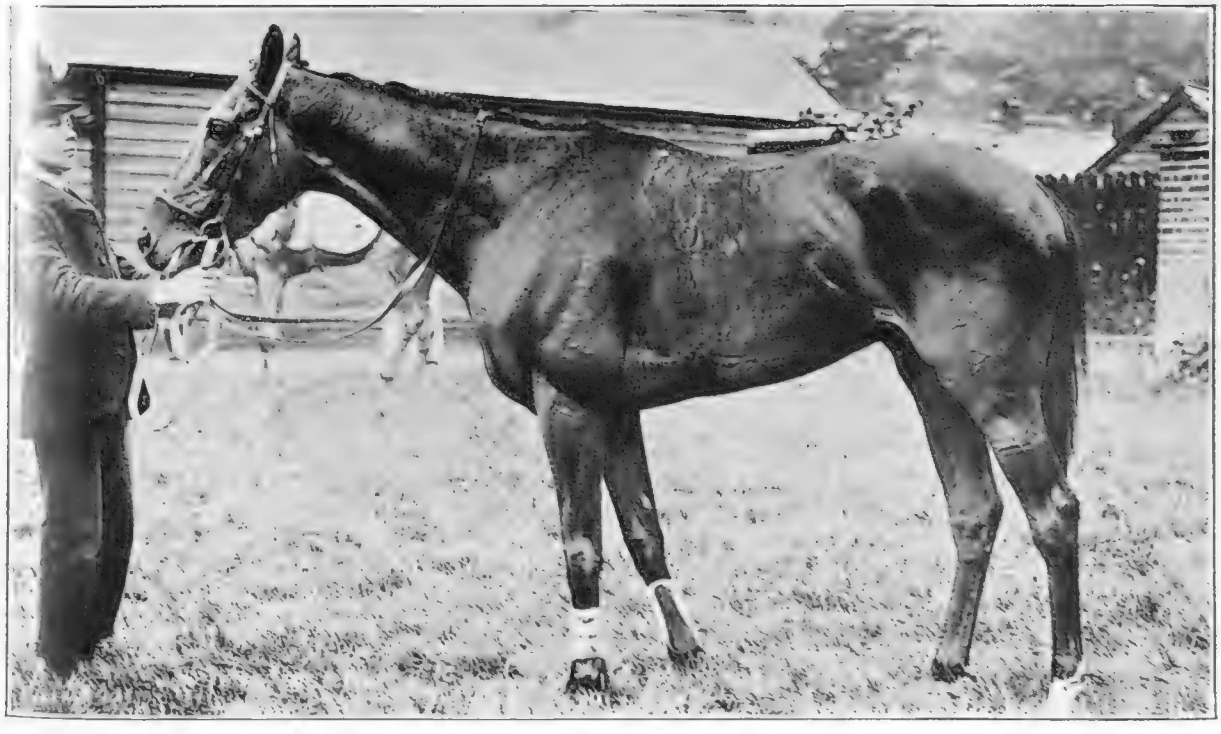
"Estelle," the Winner

Preparing to start at Hampton

First and Second Favourites for the St. Leger

Major Eustace Loder's "Pretty Polly," the Winner of the Oaks, and first favourite for the St. Leger

"Pretty Polly" is one of the most striking successes on the turf this season, having won thirteen races off the reel. In stakes she has netted over £23,000, proving a little gold mine to her owner



Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's "St. Amant," the Derby Winner, and second favourite for the St. Leger

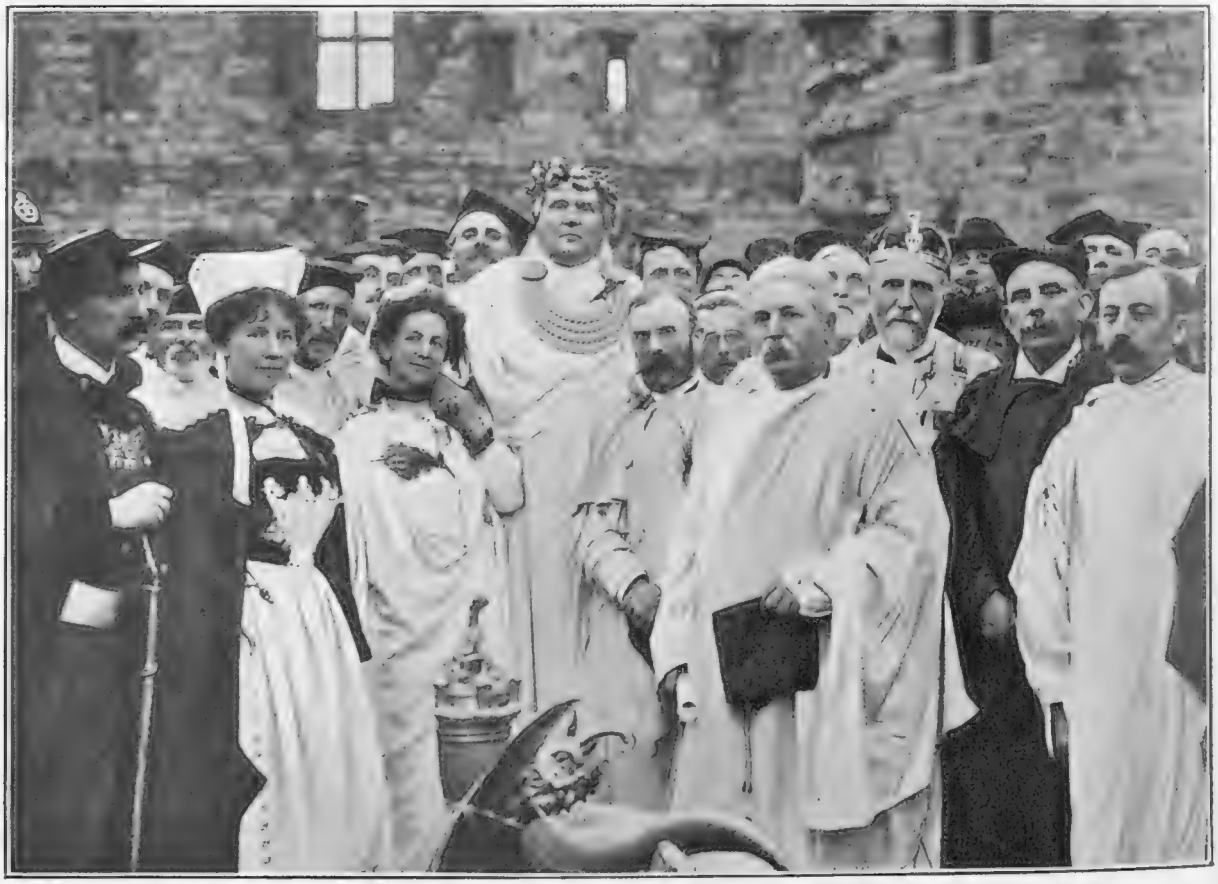
THE PAN-CELTIC CONGRESS

AT CARNARVON

There must surely be a lapse in the commercial spirit of our time, when in all seriousness a body of men can meet, as at the Pan-Celtic Congress at Carnarvon, to discuss measures for the resuscitation of the ancient Celtic languages and dress. For the first time, Cornwall has been admitted to the Congress, and the quaint ceremony of fixing the boulders in the ring at Carnarvon Castle was made the occasion for much Celtic rejoicing. But the leaders of this romantic, and, at the moment, very vital movement, are nothing if not practical, as some of the suggestions put forward amply prove. Mr. Moore, Speaker of the Manx House of Keys, gave the gist of a very far-reaching subject when he said he was for "Home Rule all round," and that he hoped to see "a truly Imperial Parliament dealing with truly Imperial questions, and local national assemblies dealing with purely local matters." A good deal of quiet humour was evoked by the question of costume. Lord Castleton indignantly denied that he wished to revert to the dress worn by Adam "before the fall." An "Ancient Pict" — Mr. Theodore Napier—boldly displayed his bare legs to the delighted assembly in proof of his proudly-asserted nationality, and the chairman expressed his regret that a certain well-known marquis, much talked about of late, was not present to give them the benefit of his large and costly experience. Mingled with much fun, there was much serious discussion, which leads one to believe that romance, legend, tradition, and the "stuff that dreams are made of," will not be trampled under in a mercenary age without a struggle.

"Heath Baronet," the Prize Bull-dog, recently sold for £1,000

"Heath Baronet" has set the seal upon a notable career by changing masters at the long price of £1,000. When owned by Mr. S. A. Mills he won prizes, cups, and specials, wherever he appeared. Now Crufts' will know him no more, for he has taken up an honoured position among the canine celebrities owned by Mr. George J. Gould, the American Railway King



The Pan-Celtic Congress at Carnarvon: The Arch-Druid among his brother and sister Celts

This Congress was attended by delegates from the six principal branches of the Celtic race: the Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Cornish, Manx, and Breton. The object of the Congress, which is held every three years, is to discuss the best means of reviving the ancient Celtic languages, literature, arts, and crafts

The Connoisseur.

OLD CHELSEA CHINA

The hand that rocked the cradle of English porcelain at Chelsea in the eighteenth century has had a good deal to do with ruling the world of ceramics in these islands. Although Bow and Chelsea were nearly allied, sometimes using, in the earliest stages, the same marks and producing the same class of work, "Chelsea" has appealed more readily to the imagination of collectors, and now takes the field at Christie's with an ample assurance of appreciation and large prices. And in its own delicate and pretty department of ornament, it deserves well of the collectors. Although a poor thing when compared with Oriental art, the finest work of Chelsea has beauties of its own that will always live, and technical qualities that all potters admire. In Mr. Solon's admirable chapters on the subject in his "Old English Porcelain" (Bemrose), he says:

An Old Chelsea Bust of George II.
His Majesty was a great patron of the Chelsea works

(From Mr. Solon's Book, "Old English Pottery")

> Chelsea took the lead from the first, and to the end kept at the head of the trade for the artistic and costly character of its abundant productions. They were patronised by the *élite* of the aristocracy of the kingdom. Royalty favoured the works with frequent and important commissions, and the magnificent porcelain services which were executed there by order of the King, to be sent as presents to foreign courts, raised to high repute the name of the English factory in the very countries where its works had to stand a dangerous comparison with the finest porcelain made in Europe.

Unlike most English porcelain undertakings, the Chelsea enterprise appears to have had some exalted patronage in its early days. The Duke of Cumberland is said to have had a financial interest in the firm, and his bust, as the hero of Culloden, is one of the best pieces the works produced. But the bust of George II., which we give, is also one of great interest; the portrait is said to be excellent and the modelling and execution of the highest quality. It is now in the British Museum, where there is a very educational collection of Chelsea china. The Royal interest in the works soon came to an end, and about 1750 the manager, Nicholas Sprimont—in whose name the original lease of the site by Cheyne Walk, about 1769, is made out — became sole proprietor. It was under his influence that the best work, bearing the old Venetian mark of the golden or red anchor, was produced. The earliest Chelsea mark is thought to be a triangle, and there are pieces with the added "Chelsea, 1745," when the paste and finish of the china were already admirable. These two marks appear upon the famous "goat and bee" jugs, and the anchors, of some nine different patterns, on un-numbered examples of this art. Where the double anchor is used it is supposed the pieces are of the highest value, and that

Chelsea figure of Erato, the muse of love sonnets
Attributed to Roubillac
(From Mr. Solon's work on "Old English Porcelain")

red was used for commoner wares and gold for a better quality. But a comparison of examples does not convince one on this latter point, some of the red anchors appearing on very fine specimens and some of the gold on less interesting productions.

Although the Chelsea works produced so many varieties of china, in nothing did they so greatly excel as in the figures which were, it seems to us, an improvement on those with which Dresden had already made the world of art familiar. In the best examples there is a freedom and ease too often lacking in the finest pieces of Sèvres and Saxony. The two we give are of Muses attributed to the graceful design of Roubillac They are, to a great extent, typical of the Chelsea work, and show just how far in decoration the earliest English porcelain makers advanced. These Chelsea pieces have always been in fashion, but the recent prices they have fetched would be a subject of vast astonishment to their eighteenth century designers and producers.

E. M.

Chelsea figure of Euterpe, the muse of lyric poetry
Attributed to Roubillac
(From Mr. Solon's work on "Old English Porcelain")

The Menu

A FEW SEASONABLE DISHES AND RECIPES

AN EXCELLENT DISH FOR A PICNIC

Take 1 lb. of raw beef-steak, scrape it and pound it in a mortar, with one French roll soaked in gravy or stock; then pass all through a fine wire sieve. Beat two eggs to a stiff froth, with seasonings to taste—viz., mustard, pepper, and salt. Mix these with the beef. Butter a pudding mould, place the beef in it, press it down and take care that it is quite full; tie a wetted pudding-cloth over the top, and plunge it into a saucepan of boiling water, and cook gently for one-and-a-half hours. Let it cool in the mould, remove the cloth, dip the mould into hot water, and turn out the beef. Brush over with glaze, and place the beef on a clean dish. Garnish with parsley and hard-boiled eggs. Cut into quarters. It is then ready for use.

LAMB CUTLETS, COLD

Cut six cutlets from a cold roast neck of lamb. Have ready some mint jelly, made with one tablespoonful of finely-chopped mint, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted aspic jelly, two tablespoonfuls of thick brown sauce. Mix well; dip each cutlet in this mixture, and leave till set. Put some salad in the centre of a dish with two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise sauce, arrange the cutlets round, and garnish with tomatoes and hard-boiled eggs.

LÉCHA CRÉMA

(To be served with Stewed Fruit)

Beat up three eggs, leaving out two of the whites, and add to them gradually ½ pint of milk; then mix very carefully four tablespoonfuls of flour and 2 ozs. of finely-powdered loaf sugar, and grated lemon peel, or a little vanilla, to give it a flavour. Boil these ingredients over a slow fire, stirring constantly to prevent burning until the flour is quite dissolved. Put some ratafia cakes at the bottom of a shallow glass dish, and when the créma is sufficiently boiled pour it through a sieve upon the cakes. To be served cold.

TOMATO CHUTNEY

As tomatoes are so very plentiful just now, it is a good opportunity to make tomato chutney, which is always useful in the winter. A strong jar, with a lid that will stand boiling is required. Take four or five pounds of ripe tomatoes, pick out the stalks and wipe the fruit carefully with a cloth, place in the jar, adding a breakfast-cup full of salt and the same of vinegar, put on the lid and make a paste of flour and water and place round the edge of the lid. Put the jar into a large saucepan of boiling water, and let the fruit simmer slowly for six hours, then pulp it through a colander to remove the cores and skins. Then take 2 ozs. each of garlic, chillies, and ginger, and cut up small, make a syrup of one quart of vinegar and 2 lbs. of lump sugar, mix with the pulped tomatoes and other ingredients, and put on a slow fire to simmer gently. When it boils, remove from the fire. The chutney should be bottled when cold, and kept in a warm, dry place.

INDIAN CHUTNEY

One pound brown sugar, ¼ lb. salt, ¼ lb. garlic, ¼ lb. ground ginger, ½ lb. mustard seed, ½ lb. raisins, stoned and chopped, a little cayenne pepper, three pints of best vinegar, fifteen large apples, ½ lb. sultanas, cut in half. Wash and well dry the mustard seed, pound the garlic in a mortar, pare and core the apples, and boil in the vinegar till quite soft, and then bruise with a wooden spoon. Mix all these ingredients thoroughly, and, if liked, add a teaspoonful of curry powder. Only the vinegar and apples to be boiled, the other ingredients to be stirred in.

EMILIA.

The Bystander, September 7, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

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IN AN UNRIVALLED POSITION COMMANDING UNEQUALLED VIEWS.

HANTS (near Ventnor, in the most beautiful part of the Island).—For SALE, at a very low figure, a singularly choice and charming RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, standing high and well sheltered. The Residence, most substantially built of stone, is approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, excellent domestic offices, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's water and gas laid on throughout; away from the house is the stabling, approached by separate entrance, and comprising 4 stalls, 2 loose boxes, harness room, standing for 4 carriages, coachman's house, etc. The grounds are one of the special features of the property, and, although only about 13 acres in extent, are not overlooked, and are so diversified and undulating that there is the appearance and charm of 30 acres, lovely walks for miles through the woods, shrubberies, and by the sea, to which there is extensive frontage, 2 tennis lawns, 2 fine kitchen gardens, range of glasshouses, summer-houses, and about 6 acres of good meadow land. For Sale by private treaty, and if not so disposed will be Sold by Auction during September.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HERTS and ESSEX (Borders), near Broxbourne.—For SALE, the choice Freehold Estate, known as

NAZEING PARK,

seated high in a finely timbered park and beautiful old grounds, and commanding views of great extent. The Nazeing Golf Course adjoins the park. The fine old house contains: noble porch, large hall, 5 reception, and about 20 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; capital stabling, with coachman's rooms; most productive gardens, with range of glasshouses. The present income from the estate amounts to about £900 per annum. Price moderate.—Sole Agents, Messrs. DANIEL WATNEY and SONS, 33, Poultry, E.C.; and HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ILLUSTRATED LIST OF COUNTRY ESTATES and RESIDENCES and SPORTINGS for SALE, and to be LET, published in two parts, post free, three stamps each, viz.:—

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WIMBLEDON (on the top of the hill with its bracing air).—For Sale, a modern compact HOUSE, built by the late owner for his own occupation; 2 reception, 5 beds, bath, good ground floor offices; garden.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TO BE LET, well Furnished, with 1,000 acres of excellent shooting, and exclusive right of river fishing, a beautiful modern MANSION, picturesquely placed in its park, in a high position, with very delightful views of river and hill scenery. It contains a fine hall, about 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 25 bed and dressing rooms, gymnasium, and complete offices; private chapel; ample stabling, entrance lodge, and cottages; very lovely grounds of great natural beauty sloping to the river, and singularly inexpensive to maintain. Boathouse and stage. Exclusive right of fishing for 1 mile; 600 pheasants reared; 3 miles from first-class golf links, 2 miles from railway station, R.C. church half-a-mile.—Strongly recommended by Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

REQUIRED TO RENT OR PURCHASE, within 2 hours of Town, a thoroughly well-appointed COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with 20 to 100 acres; 16 bedrooms, square hall, and billiard room essential. High ground and dry soil. Gas or electric light. Good figure for suitable place.—Write "E.B.," c/o HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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£1,400 (Convenient for City and West End).—A BIJOU RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, containing: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 4 reception rooms, 2 conservatories, charming grounds of nearly an acre. Main drainage. Electric light could easily be installed.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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SURREY (Woldingham).—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceedingly beautifully-situated, well-built and conveniently-arranged RESIDENCE, standing high in beautiful grounds of about 3 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens, and well-stocked fruit and kitchen gardens, terraces, and shrubbery, etc. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 2 horses. Rent, £95 per annum.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,257)

BERKS (near Wallingford).—To be SOLD, or LET, the above charming and picturesque RESIDENCE, overlooking the Chiltern Hills. The House contains: lounge hall, 2 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, laundry, dairy, and excellent offices; good stabling and farmery. The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, large bowling green, well-stocked flower and kitchen gardens, pleasure orchard and meadow, in all about 5 acres. Rent, £135 per annum. Price, £3,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,117)

CHESHIRE.—HARRODS (Ltd.) have been favoured with instructions to LET the handsomely furnished RESIDENCE, Stretton Hall, Malpas (now in the occupation of Mr. Bower Ismay), for a year or on Lease; it is beautifully situated within three miles of Broxton Station, and stands in its own perfectly-kept grounds, with 28 acres of grass land, and contains: hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and excellent offices; stabling for 15 or 20 horses; cottage; good centre for hunting with Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn and N. and S. Cheshire.—Further particulars of th Agents, as above.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the appointed Agents for all the principal Residences on the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected List will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

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SOUTH KENSINGTON (close to the Oratory).—Nicely-furnished Bijou RESIDENCE to be LET, comprising: 3 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, and offices. Electric light. Rent, 3½ guineas a week.—Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum and also furnished from 35s. to 30gs. per week. A carefully selected List will be sent on receipt of requirements.

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HANS MANSIONS.—One of these perfectly-arranged and exceptionally light FLATS to be LET, with possession at an early date. The accommodation comprises: 4 bedrooms, 2 large reception rooms, splendid square hall, and very complete domestic offices. Lifts working day and night, and every modern convenience. Rent, only £250 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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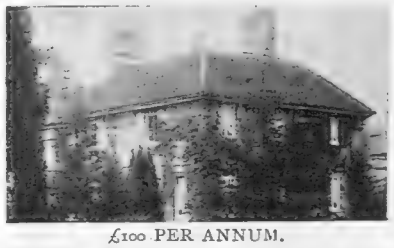
SUSSEX (within an easy drive of Brighton).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a beautiful old-fashioned gabled RESIDENCE, in a charming position, and standing well back from the road, with south aspect, on light soil, in grounds of about 19½ acres. The accommodation comprises: 4 excellent reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices. Stabling for 11 horses, coach-houses, saddle room, and accommodation for 3 men; also a gardener's cottage. The grounds are exceptionally beautiful, and comprise tennis lawn, flower garden, walled kitchen garden, park-like meadows, the whole being well timbered.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who have personally inspected the above property, and can confidently recommend the same. (U 2,155)



£100 PER ANNUM.

SURREY (Kenley).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming creeper-clad modern RESIDENCE, in an exceedingly beautiful position some 400ft. above sea level, and standing in its own prettily laid-out, well-wooded grounds of about an acre, with lawns, flower beds, terrace walks, kitchen garden, etc., 2 greenhouses; the accomodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,154)

ESSEX (near Chelmsford).—BIJOU COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2; capital lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard, in all 2 acres; Company's water; south aspect; sandy soil; 250ft. above sea level. Freehold, £1,000. Rent, £65.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,861)

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OLD-WORLD PLACE IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF SURREY.

Just under an hour's rail of Town

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR MIGHT BE SOLD, a really unique old-fashioned RESIDENCE, of singularly pleasing character. The accommodation is arranged practically on 2 floors, and comprises some 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, 3 fine reception rooms, billiard room, grand old hall, and splendid domestic offices; stabling for 7. Well-stocked gardens, and the grounds of 15 acres, surrounding the house, are especially attractive.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

£1,100, OR MIGHT BE LET AT £80 per annum. Situate in a fine open district, a little over an hour's run from Waterloo, in a favourite and healthy locality.—The capital RESIDENCE stands well back from road and contains: 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, 3 reception rooms, and good offices. Stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, and man's room. Pleasure and kitchen gardens, lawn, and, if required, small meadow. Easy distance from station.—Full particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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ABOUT 1½ HOURS FROM TOWN.

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IDEAL RESIDENCE. PARK, ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE ABOVE MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE for SALE at a considerably reduced price. It stands in a very high position on gravel and sand, an contains: 5 splendid reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and full domestic offices. The Estate extends to nearly 50 acres of beautifully-wooded park, with delightful pleasure grounds. Stabling and outbuildings. Conveniently near station, and 1½ hours' rail from town.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

GRAND SPORTING ESTATE, TO PAY NEARLY 4 PER CENT.

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FOR SALE, IN A FAVOURITE DISTRICT, an exceptionally desirable PROPERTY, affording capital shooting, hunting with five packs, and other sporting advantages; well-wooded park, an old-fashioned red-brick and gabled RESIDENCE with 4 reception and 12 bedrooms. Nearly 1,000 acres in a ring fence. Practically all let.—Detailed particulars of OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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ST. GEORGE'S HILLS WEYBRIDGE.—In this favourite neighbourhood to be LET or SOLD, upon very advantageous terms. Particularly delightful grounds with small wood and plenty of shade. 4 well-proportioned reception rooms, conservatory, 14 bedrooms, 2 baths, and good offices; ample stabling and cottage.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

RENT, £162 10s. PER ANNUM.

ASCOT (Twyford, near).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charming RESIDENCE, standing high on gravel soil, near church and 1½ miles from R.C.C. and station. It is held on an easy lease at this moderate rental, and contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, servants' hall, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Ample stabling and first-rate cottage. Delightfully-timbered pleasure grounds, extensive lawns, fruit and kitchen gardens, and orchard.—Strongly recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

CHOICE ESTATE OF 40 ACRES.

Magnificent Views, 600ft. above Sea Level.

SUSSEX AND HAMPSHIRE.—For SALE, a singularly attractive PROPERTY of moderate extent, situate in beautiful country, a little over 2 miles from main line station. The RESIDENCE, which has recently been modernised at large cost and with very great care, is in very good order and contains: square hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and offices; range of stabling, outbuildings, motor-house, and 2 or 3 cottages. Tastefully laid-out gardens, with terrace walks, kitchen garden, full-sized tennis court, and meadow land. The drainage and water supply are of the most modern and approved character. Exquisite views are obtained on the property, and it is one that Messrs. OWEN WALLIS and Co. cannot too strongly recommend.—Full particulars on application to 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

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the above substantially built RESIDENCE, fitted throughout with electric light and telephone. 3 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling. 2 lodges, farmery, 3 cottages, etc. Beautifully-timbered pleasure grounds, lake with boathouse, walled kitchen garden, and greenhouse. Good sporting and social district. The above not being sold at the recent auction may now be treated for privately. — Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,575)

BUNGALOW RESIDENCE,
NEAR HAYWARD'S HEATH, SUSSEX.

£2,500 for a charming Bijou ESTATE, of about 8 acres, with a RESIDENCE, containing: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, etc., and approached by a carriage drive winding through the beautifully-timbered grounds. South slope. Charming glen, with pond and island. Extensive views. Very secluded.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,599)

On High Ground, AMIDST THE PINES.
In the LOVELY HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

TO BE SOLD, a creeper-clad, old-fashioned, gabled RESIDENCE, situate in charming grounds of 9½ acres: 3 spacious reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling. Close to golf links. Village about a mile. Price, £3,700. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,618)

SMALL SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

SUSSEX (1½ miles from 2 stations and villages). —To be SOLD, a compact FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 80 acres (mostly grass), with pretty RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive, and commanding superb views; south aspect; 7 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 2 conservatories, etc.; good drainage, stabling and farmery, cottage, charming pleasure grounds on south slope. Good shooting. Trout stream. Excelent hunting. Gravel subsoil. Price, only £3,000.— Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,457)

OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE SEVERN.
3½ HOURS OF LONDON.

FOR SALE, owing to special circumstances, at a fraction of cost, this magnificent RESIDENCE, in a most charming and healthy position, and commanding lovely and extensive views; 6 reception, billiard, 18 bed and dressing rooms. Gas and water laid on. Stabling for 7. Cottage. Inexpensive grounds of 2½ acres, but extra land up to 63 acres could be arranged for. Anchorage for yachts. Shooting. Hunting with 3 packs.— KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,719)

EASTERN COUNTIES.

SHOOTING, over 11,000 acres, to LET. 6,000 pheasants, 1,000 brace partridges, plenty of duck and woodcock; small House.

ONE AND A QUARTER HOURS OF TOWN.

SHOOTING, over 8,000 acres, to LET. 4,000 pheasants, 500 brace partridges. — Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

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WITHIN EASY REACH OF SEA. TWO HOURS OF TOWN. PARK OF 150 ACRES.

TO BE LET, Furnished by the year, the above ELIZABETHAN MANSION, built about 30 years ago, and containing: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; usual domestic offices; stabling for 7. Beautiful pleasure grounds of 7 acres, shooting over 3,000 acres (200 acres of woods). Hunting and golf within easy reach.— Photographs and full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 583)

QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, WITH LOVELY VIEWS OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

£1,250 for a delightful PROPERTY on the South Coast, comprising a modernised Farmhouse, containing: 6 bedrooms, 3 sitting rooms, etc.; stabling and farmery, and about 3½ acres of land. Village near. Post office 10 minutes. High position. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,649)

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CLOSE to Great Western Motor Service. Nicely-timbered FREEHOLD LAND for Investment or occupation.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER THE WYE VALLEY.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a COUNTRY PROPERTY, in a picturesque district, 300ft. above sea level. House containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; stabling; farmhouse and buildings; 2 cottages. 19 acres, beautifully timbered and including pasture, orchards, and pleasure grounds. Bracing district. Station, 1½ miles. Price, £2,000 (below cost). — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,500)

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£2,500 for a Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 20 acres, with well-built House ready for immediate occupation. Beautiful views. 3 reception and 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Stabling and farmery. Lawns, gardens, and excellent pasture. Would be sold with less land. Specially recommended.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,626)

Near SEVENOAKS, close to Village, with Church, Post Office, etc., one mile from Station.

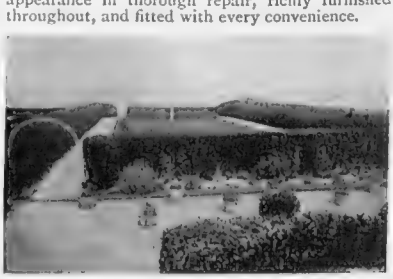
TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a picturesque RESIDENCE, in perfect order, occupying a choice position with South aspect. Hall, 2 reception rooms (25ft. by 15ft.), 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. Good drainage, Company's water. Stabling, cottage. Pretty grounds of 4 acres (more available), beautiful pine woods close by. Golf links near. Price, £2,600.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,213)

BURNHAM BEECHES.
STANDING HIGH ON GRAVEL SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, with charming old grounds, lawns, and rhododendron and other walks, to the extent of 30 acres, fine COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath, etc., stabling and farmery. Lovely views. Healthy and favourite residential district. Price, £8,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,032)

HIGH, HEALTHY, AND BRACING.

ON THE SEA COAST, NEAR MARGATE, and close to a fashionable seaside resort.— To be SOLD, a RESIDENCE of attractive appearance in thorough repair, richly furnished throughout, and fitted with every convenience.



Pretty grounds. Lovely views. Tea-house half way down cliff. House contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, tower room, 5 bed and dressing rooms. Telephone. Stabling.—For views and price, which includes specially-adapted furniture, apply to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,657)

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HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS.—£1,950 will purchase a charming BIJOU RESIDENCE and 3 acres in the beautiful Liphook and Hindhead district, 2 miles from station: 5 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, old-fashioned chimney corner, oak beams, large hall, stabling, gardens, and meadow (more land if required); fine views over a lovely country.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (19,635)

KENT (Edenbridge, under 1 hour from London, close to S.E. Railway station, 1 mile from Brighton line).—A compact BIJOU RESIDENTIAL ESTATE for SALE, of about 24 acres, with excellent Residence; grounds and a small well-timbered park in 3 enclosures; stabling for 4, coach-house, small farmery, and 2 cottages; picturesque matured grounds and garden, superb views; bounded on 3 sides by important roads.—Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

£1,600 for a charming old-fashioned, medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE, 4 miles from Cambridge, ½ mile from a station; pretty grounds, with fine old trees, lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, and small paddock; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), lounge hall, and offices; stabling for 2 horses; greenhouse and outbuildings; gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,752)

ON THE RIVER DART.—To be LET, Furnished, at a moderate rent, either for the Autumn or Winter months, or by the year, a well-furnished country MANSION, standing high in charming grounds, with carriage drive approach: 15 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large and handsome reception rooms, organ hall; stabling for 6 horses; beautifully laid-out grounds, lawns, shrubberies, Italian garden, kitchen garden, etc. Use of boats and boathouse. 2 miles from station, 8 miles from Torquay.—Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,742)

PYTCHLEY HUNT (in the best part), near main line station, about 2 hours from London.—Compact RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for SALE of about 14 acres, including an old-fashioned HOUSE of moderate size: capital stabling, pleasure grounds, several enclosures of rich meadow land; near church, post and telegraph. Price £4,500.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,878)

BETWEEN LONDON AND SOUTH COAST.—100 acres of grass and woodland and a charming modernised, moderate-sized RESIDENCE to be SOLD. Fine views, dry soil, modern drainage; electric light. Stabling, good farmhouse and outbuildings; inexpensive pleasure grounds and kitchen garden; good hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,631)

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—The above genuine old Jacobean HOUSE, with 250 acres of first-class land (nearly all pasture), bounded by a river and in a lovely district, a mile from station. Price, £15,000 only. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,802)

DORCHESTER.—To be SOLD, price £3,000, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, within a mile of the town and station, occupying high situation, south aspect, good views, carriage drive approach; 7 bed and dressing rooms, large bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Lawns, shrubbery, productive kitchen garden, glasshouses; gas and water laid on; excellent residential and hunting district.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,773)

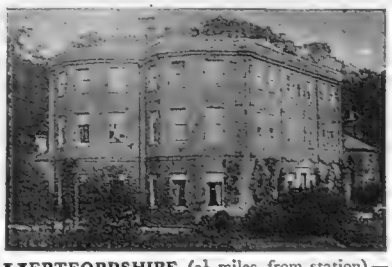
IN THE CENTRE OF THE QUORN HUNT.

9 MILES FROM LEICESTER, 6 miles from Melton Mowbray, and close to Brooksby station on the Midland line between Peterborough and Syston.

ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the very valuable Freehold Residential and Manorial Property, known as "BROOKSBY HALL," and comprising an area of upwards of 838 acres. It includes the historical mansion house, delightfully seated in extensive and well-arranged pleasure grounds, surrounded by a grandly-timbered park, and containing 5 spacious reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, and most commodious offices; stabling for 17 horses, small home farmstead with bailiff's house, and all the appurtenances of a first-class county seat. The agricultural portion of the estate comprises some of the best and most productive land in the Midlands, and is divided into 4 first-class farms, and numerous accommodation holdings. The advowson and next perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of St. Michaels, Brooksby, is included in the sale.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE will offer the above for SALE by Auction at the "BELL HOTEL," Leicester, on Saturday, October 15th, 1904, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, and if not so sold then in 7 lots (unless an acceptable offer be made meanwhile privately).—Particulars of A. W. VAISEY, Esq., Solicitor, Tring, and Devereux Chambers, Temple, London, W.C.; Messrs. BROWN and FOULKES, Land Agents, Tring; or of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

BRENTWOOD and CHELMSFORD (between), near a station 45 minutes from the City.—£1,450 will purchase a very desirable HOUSE, standing high, with pretty views, and containing: 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), drawing and dining rooms, study and offices; capital garden of about ½ an acre, tastefully laid out, lawns, etc.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,781)



HERTFORDSHIRE (3½ miles from station).—To be SOLD, a very choice ESTATE of some 800 acres, with the above handsome Mansion, in beautiful grounds and park. The Residence contains: suite of spacious reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, etc.; ample stabling, good cottages. The land is all let, and the property lies compactly together.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,940)

TO YACHTSMAN.—Magnificently situated on the Hamble, near Southampton, private anchorage for 200-ton yacht. Picturesque RESIDENCE for SALE; perfect order; 14 bed, 2 bathrooms, large reception; unusually well-wooded grounds, lawns, glasshouses, meadows, cottages, private boathouse, stabling, etc.—Recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,316)

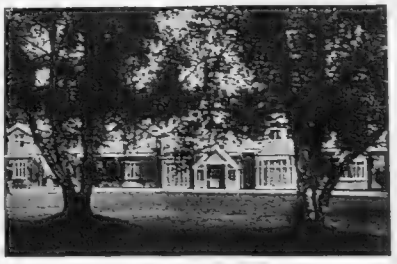
IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

OXSHOTT and COBHAM (surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully-timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

OLD BERKELEY COUNTRY (30-acre Residential Estate, with frontage to a river affording capital fishing).—To be SOLD or LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE of medium size, with charming surroundings, very accessible from town and in a first-rate social district. The house has been re-modelled and appointed. The estate is compact and self-contained, and includes stabling, farmery, and cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,651)

DOVER AND DEAL (between).—Price £2,500 for a charming old-fashioned Bijou HOUSE, with unusually attractive grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and stabling for 2 horses; 5 minutes' walk from station; 10 minutes by rail of Dover. Or would be LET Unfurnished. Rent £120. Inspected. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,690)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.



10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cottages, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

SYMONDS YAT.—Beautifully-situated BUNGALOW RESIDENCE for SALE, with several acres, standing well above the River Wye; pretty gardens and capital orchard. Shooting, hunting, boating, and golf in the neighbourhood. Grand scenery and very pretty situation. Near church, station, and post.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,329)

IN THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY, near OAKHAM.—To be LET, for the hunting season, rent 200 guineas, or for less period, an attractive Modern HOUSE, containing: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for 6 horses, and grooms' rooms; extra stabling could be had; garden; modern drainage and excellent water supply; gas laid on; magnificently situated for hunting with 4 packs.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,775)

MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL AND CHESTER (1 hour by rail from).—For SALE, a choice RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, of about 20 acres, with excellent modern stabling, and a gentleman's RESIDENCE of moderate size, commanding extensive views of a picturesque district; lodge entrance. Good hunting. Price, £8,000.—Apply Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,235)

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Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. } IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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Close to several Golf Links

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This Charming

FREEHOLD DETACHED RESIDENCE

Containing:

12 Bedrooms

Dressing and 2 Bathrooms

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EXCELLENT MAIN DRAINAGE

Gas, Water, and Telephone laid on

SECLUDED GROUNDS

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2 Large Coach-houses

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Well-timbered Grounds

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Large Ornamental Sheet of Water with Island

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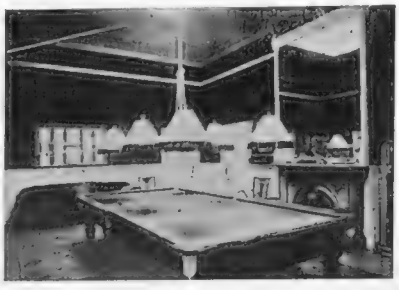

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·256, ·303, ·370, and ·450 Bore.

'ROSS' STRAIGHT-PULL MAGAZINE RIFLES.

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Lee-Enfields, Mausers, and Mannlicher Rifles.

Single-Trigger Guns a Spécialité.

"THE ART OF SHOOTING." 2s. 6d. Sixth and Popular Edition. Postage 6d. extra.

Gun Fitting and Coaching at Private Shooting Grounds near Willesden Junction, London, N.W.

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BORD'S PIANOS. BORD'S PIANOS. 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH, or 14s. 6d. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS' HIRE System. Pianos Exchanged. Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 74 & 76, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

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The Most Delicious Sweetmeat is:-
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SOLD EVERYWHERE.
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DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under.
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THE NEW VELLUM NOTEPAPER
TO BE HAD OF ALL STATIONERS.
WHOLESALE: SPALDING & HODGE, LTD. DRURY LANE, LONDON

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. per line, and 1d. for every additional word.

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

DECAUVILLE, 10-12 h.-p., two cylinders, tonneau body, painted green, equal sized wheels. See bands on back wheels, Michelin tyres, gears and tyres as new, car in fine condition, new 1903: owner buying larger car same make; can be seen by appointment; price £250, including three lamps, horn, and usual tools.—Owner, 70, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.

GEORGES-RICHARDS Car, 10 h.-p., two cylinders, three speeds and reverse, good hill-climber, aluminium tonneau body, with glass front and canopy top, in perfect working order, recently overhauled, with new gears; trial by appointment.—B., c/o Bystander, Tallis Street, E.C.

22 h.-p. Daimler for sale, exceedingly handsome, touring car, equal to new, everything right up to date, including 1904 carburetter; price to an immediate cash purchaser, £600; the car can be inspected at any time, and a trial run arranged.—For particulars apply to Scott, c/o Bystander, Tallis Street, E.C.

RENAULT Motor-car, 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.

HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120.—Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

SWIFT, 5½ h.-p., two seats, new tyres, excellent condition; £130.

DARRACQ, 16 h.-p., two cylinders, four seats, tonneau, three speeds, reverse; good condition, as new; rear tyres new; £200.—Apply and view both, G. Crosland Taylor, Ravenscar, Helsby, near Chester.

8 h.-p. M.M.C., 1903 pattern, tonneau body, painted green, good as new, extra seat, cover, and tube, splendid doctor's car; low price for prompt sale.—Horne, Cotton Lane, Moseley, Birmingham.

10 h.-p. Ariel, two-cylinder, brand new May, 1904, only run 500 miles, perfect condition; 50 miles trial run genuine purchaser; accept two-seated 1904 car part payment.—Goodwin, Henwick, Worcester.

DAIMLER, 23 b.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads: car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash.—The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

12-16 h.-p. two-cylinder Darracq, very fast and powerful, in splendid condition, upholstered leather, roomy tonneau, painted dark blue; any trial; price £180.—Armitage, 91, Victoria Road, Headingley, Leeds.

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h.-p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare.

FOR SALE, 10 h.-p. double-cylinder Albion car, solid tyres, magneto ignition, side doors to front seats, canopy with curtains and 2 glass screens; can be started from seat; bought July, 1903, but very little used owing to owner's absence abroad; in very good condition; owner buying a four-cylinder car only reason for selling; trial given. Price, with all necessary spares, £300.—Wilmot-Sitwell, Cattistock, Dorset

PANHARD, 10 h.-p., new 1903, Brougham Top and glass front, lined box cloth, body cost about £150; owing to owner's ill-health this car has only been run about 50 miles. Can be seen anywhere near London.—G.W., c/o Bystander, Tallis Street, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap. View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

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Military and Sporting Tailors and BREECHES MAKERS.

MESSRS. J. DEGE and SONS beg to draw attention to their Seamless Knee Grip Breeches, which are by far the most comfortable at present in use. Their invention does not only reduce the chafing of the knee-bone to a minimum, but clears away all the superfluous length at back of knee, which is so objectionable in ordinary cut breeches.

Also to a new

STOCKINETTE CLOTH

suitable for

GOLFING, FISHING, and SHOOTING COATS.

These Cloths, being Elastic, give greater freedom to the wearer than the ordinary Tweeds, and are quite as durable.

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Decorations, Furniture, Carpets, and Upholstery.

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Tottenham House, Tottenham Ct. Rd., London

The Metrostyle Pianola

IF for no other reason than that it enables you to play any music on your piano, the Pianola would be of great value to you. But it does much more than that. Pianola playing is real playing, and can be as artistic as the hand playing of a great pianist. You would consider it a wonderful thing were you enabled to play like Paderewski without any technical knowledge being necessary. The Pianola with the Metrostyle (which is found in no other piano-player) realises this seeming impossibility. It makes the renditions of Paderewski, Bauer, Hofmann, Chaminade, and other famous pianists yours. The musicians mentioned have marked compositions for us showing how they play, and by following such markings with the Metrostyle pointer anyone can reproduce exactly the playing of the virtuoso who marked the music roll

You are invited to call and investigate the Metrostyle Pianola. Please specify Catalogue X when writing for particulars.

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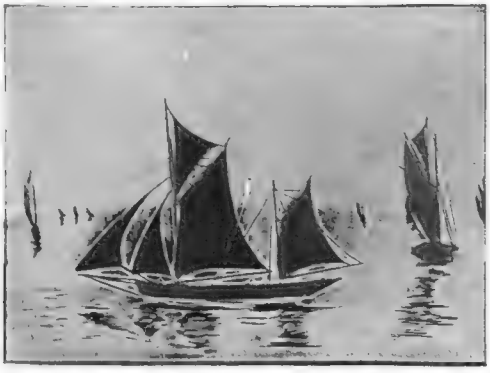

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With special wiring, complete intercommunication may be established, and the house directed as shown above.

Write now for Catalogue B.I.

The Electric & Dronance Accessories Co., Ltd.,

STELLITE WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

We have recently, Ambrosine and I, been caught up in the maelstrom of another modern mania, and it looks as though we were going to take the disease badly. This is the Pianola. It is impossible to have any notion of the complete fascination of this strange, weird contrivance until one has personally handled the levers and pedals. And as to the assertion that the Pianola is purely a mechanical effort, never was greater nonsense formulated. There is *au contraire* quite an incredible scope for individual efforts, although there is not, it is true, any demand for executive skill. But ye Fates! the joy of dashing with comparative ease through some mad melody of Moszkowski, or one of Liszt's *Rhapsodies Hongroise*. While equally seductive is the rendering of one of Chaminade's dainty *morceaux*. And it is only necessary to listen for a short while to draw the inevitable comparison between the expert player of the Pianola and the tyro. Some there are, not blessed by the true musical spirit, who will never bring out the possibilities of the Pianola. Anyhow, it is an invention that has come to stay, and to afford those who have the desire, a mode whereby the best music may be brought into intimate companionship under the simplest possible auspices.

As to pianoforte manufacturers, they should verily fall down in obeisance before the innovation, since it is one that encourages at every turn the purchase of fresh instruments, with better "timbre," and truer tone, than some possession hallowed by time and fully sufficing for the children's scales, or the indifferent manipulation by the elder members of the family of its key-board. Of a truth, we live in stirring times, as that delicious old rustic remarked in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, when the hayrick caught fire.

An original design for the correct Directoire Costume

Feminine Fickleness

It is quite a serious question with us whether life can contain more supreme happiness than is to be obtained from a Motor-Car and a Pianola. *Apropos* of the former, a series of long rides in a peculiarly dusty county, where rain has been singularly chary of falling, has taught us the value of the tussore hood. That this is a distinctly warm covering, except when the car is in motion, we do not deny, but a thinner silk is hopeless against the inroad of the fine dust that one stirs up. And that clever hood, evolved by Mr. Thomas, of Brook Street, has hit upon the only expedient, which has come under our notice, for preserving the hair in front as well as that at the back from becoming temporarily grey.

The serious motorist carries her intention in every detail of her toilette, and, much as we may admire and applaud the picturesque get-up, it has ceased altogether to take us in. An immaculate little lady has just crossed our point of vision, clad in a dead white serge, with oyal blue kid facings and oelt, and a white service cap and veil, the latter deftly disposed to leave exposed a carefully-arranged

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST
And 156 to 170, Regent Street, London, W.
Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars—Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

Samples and Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Shirts—Fine Quality Long-cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35s. 6d. per half doz. (to measure, 2s. extra).

Old Shirts made good as New with good Materials in neckband, cuffs and front for 14/- the half doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

THE WOLSEY Unshrinkable Pure Wool UNDERWEAR

For Men Women & Children

THE WOLSEY UNSHRINKABLE

Guaranteed Not to Shrink

Of all Drapers, Hosiers, and Outfitters at Home and Abroad.
Write for Booklet and name of nearest Retailer (mention "Bystander") to
THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR Co., LEICESTER.

toupée. What appearance the latter will present, after a few miles out on these dusty roads, we can only too well conjecture, to say nothing of that dead white serge. Ambrosine interrupts me to say that this is generally known as blue-white. Perhaps that is so, but anyway it is not cream, which is the wholly delightful hue of the hand-woven homespun that is my very special delight for the autumn motoring coat.

The days, too, are already within sight when we shall necessarily have to consider fur or fur-lined wraps. For complete individuality of intention, nothing yet shown has come up to a certain kimono-shaped wrap of our acquaintance. The *doublure* of this, carried throughout, is of white Persian lamb, and was taken intact from a regal blue satin, heavily embroidered, and placed within a covering of heavy navy cloth. Then, transposed in like manner, was the band of Oriental embroidery outlining all the edges, while the roomy sleeves were finished so that they could be worn quite over the hands, or thrown back for the fur to form a handsome and effective cuff.

It is altogether too fine a question for us to settle, although it is one causing much dissension at the moment, whether fur is warmer worn next the person or outside. All nature dictates the latter, but nature has been curiously perverse in so many instances, it is scarcely safe to base a conclusion on her word in this matter. Just one breath of warning, however, in respect of the purchase of furs exclusively for motoring purposes, to bear fully in mind the large possibilities of this getting wet. Greenland seal and Russian pony-skin stand easily first in point of practicability; they are both short-haired and dry easily, in addition to being peculiarly impervious to water. If, on the other hand, a long-haired fur is preferred, then it must be one of the coarser qualities, in which the hairs are too sturdily resisting to cling together.

The Mode Directoire

Un fait accompli, this year in Paris, was this mode of the Directoire, and it was accordingly whispered in Bond Street during the late summer. The rumour gained rapid credence, however, and we are accordingly facing a prospect, fully qualified to carry all before it, for the autumn.

By its large flop revers and collar, additionally to its long basque, shall you recognise the correct Directoire coat, an admirable presentment whereof is offered by our artist on page x. As a winter vogue, nothing could be better than this, since the fronts are not only double-breasted, but the very revers overlap, and close quite up to the throat, while the angle of the collar is peculiarly distinctive of the period, as is the cravat of old lace, draped stockwise round the throat.

I have a small but insistent premonition all my own, that the assertive attitude of the Directoire mode presages a serious return of the sash. A refreshing novelty for an evening gown would be a *décolletage* cut in one with shapely Directoire coat tails, of old-world brocade, worn with a skirt that is a filmy indescribable mass of net and lace. The corsage to be *en rapport* of the time, should be a little short-waisted; a reflection that brings hundreds of others in its train, chiefly relating to coat effects, surmounted by flat-shaped berthes or collars of lace.

The Origin of Fashion

It has taken me years of careful study and interested observation to arrive at one firm conviction, that there is no general law for the formulating of vogues. These reach us by innumerably varied and devious routes. Sometimes they can be clearly traced to some authoritative voice, possibly some ultra-*élègante*, with the courage of opinions, born of a beautiful person, to whom all things would be forgiven Again, a great artiste rises up and says, "this or that shall be," and we bow in all due obedience. But more often than not is a fashion the result of gradual evolution, the nucleus whereof is to be traced to some fortuitous accident. Who can tell, indeed! what will be the end of the present summer craze for tying on every description and style of hat with a drapery of tulle or gauze, arranged at the back into a species of hood. So eminently becoming is this addition considered, it is worn irrespective of weather, and there seems every prospect of further approval being granted it, if some ingenious soul can conceive any sufficiently orthodox form for its expression. Does it, Ambrosine wonders, portend bonnets with curtains? Well! stranger events than that have happened. But so universal has the adoption of the hat drapery been—a complete reversal of the accepted position of the veil—it is impossible not to believe that something or other will come of it. And in these particularly vivid days, the slightest suggestion suffices to provoke rapid inspiration and development.

Household Hints

To Keep Shirley Poppies in Water for Several Days.—Gather in the early morning, or in cool of day, blossoms that are not too far open; place the stalks for three minutes an inch or two in nearly boiling water; then put in the vases in warm water. Warm water is not necessary after. Otherwise Shirley Poppies will only last twenty-four hours at the most in water.

To Make Boots Waterproof in the Wettest Weather.—Clean all blacking or polish off the boots or shoes, and with a piece of flannel, dipped in castor oil, rub very thoroughly over the boots, soles and all. This will keep water from penetrating, no matter how heavy the rain, and also keeps the leather or kid beautifully soft and in good condition.

To Restore Tainted Meat.—Any kind of fresh meat or fowl, which has become tainted by the heat or damp of the weather, can be completely restored by placing it in a pan of cold water, and then putting two or three good-sized red-hot cinders into the water. Allow the meat to remain in it for three or four minutes, and all taint will be removed. If the meat is to be roasted, dry well and shake a little flour over it.

How to Smoothe Handkerchiefs Without an Iron.—The following will prove itself to be a useful hint for travellers: Wash the handkerchiefs well with soap and water. While still wet, spread quite smoothly on a looking-glass and leave till dry. When removed they will be stiff and smooth as though ironed.

A Cure for Headache.—A certain cure for headache is to get a piece of linen or lint and soak with methylated spirit. Apply this to the head, and the pain will soon be relieved and sleep ensured.

Emilia.

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS AND MENTAL OVERSTRAIN

Holidays a Wearisome Task

"Summer Holidays and Mental Overstrain" is the seductive introduction to an advertisement which is just now much to the fore; of course, it goes on to recommend Somebody's Pills, which is neither here nor there. The fact is, the two phrases, "Summer Holidays and Mental Overstrain," have a strong connecting link. With the majority of people, enforced summer holidays tend to throw them off their balance. Used to the unvaried routine of their daily lives, a holiday becomes a wearisome task. Mental overstrain is the natural result, and the only cure, paradoxical though it seems, for the mental overstrain is a return to work. Not that by any means I wish to recommend a life in which there is all work and no play, but it seems to me that the annual institution of summer holidays is a wrong system, and very often does more harm than good. As to the menfolk, from what I see around me, it is quite evident that in most cases their holidays do not give them much enjoyment. They are hard at work nearly all the year, and then suddenly they are bereft of their usual occupations, and are thrown for four or five weeks into compulsory idleness.

The Long, Long Days of Idleness

For a few days all goes merrily; it is delightful to feel that there is no need for a hurried breakfast, no train to be caught; they can read their daily paper in comfort, and smoke, and take a leisurely stroll along the seashore — where the majority migrate for their summer holiday. But how soon do we find that they are slaves to habit, and that this idleness is beginning to pall. The days that are too short when busily occupied become drawn out to an extraordinary length; they lounge about from morning till night, unable to find any occupation to take the place of the work which has become so essential to them. They begin to wonder how things are going on without them, and the very fact of feeling that they are forcibly exiled for a certain number of weeks from business is more than enough to rob the holiday of all charm. Soon it becomes a wearisome task, to be got through as best they can; and the end is looked forward to as a happy release. Surely, with this state of affairs, mental overstrain is not far distant. And yet, as year after year comes round, the summer holiday must be taken: it is an annual institution, convenient or otherwise, and the family undergoes privations or discomforts in order to save up for it.

Holiday Housekeeping

If the men derive little or no pleasure from these weeks, what of us women? Mothers of families in particular do not look forward to the annual holiday with unmixed joy. Oh, the packing and confusion that attends this function, and how weary and tired we feel when at last the long hot journey is accomplished, and we find ourselves, where? In a strange place, in strange rooms, with, may be, a troublesome landlady to deal with, instead of our own well-trained servants; no room for all the hundred-and-one things we have brought with us, with our boxes piled on the staircase or in corners of the rooms we must occupy; and whilst husbands and children take a stroll to explore the new country, weary and tired as we are, it is left to us to put everything right and to make straight the way. We may well look around with a sigh, and, whilst thinking of the comforts we have relinquished for many days, wish that there were no such inventions as summer holidays. If the word "holiday" is a synonym for "rest," it holds little meaning for the women-folk. They have the whole family thrown on their hands, and what with boating and bathing, and such-like expeditions, they rarely have a moment's peace of mind. The housekeeping is attended with innumerable difficulties unknown during the peaceful months at home; and should the weather be bad, on the mother will devolve the herculean task of providing amusement for both husband and children. In fact, it is a mistake, these holidays of ours, for they entirely fail to supply the end for which they were instituted.

How Holidays Should be Taken

Holidays should be taken, not at one particular time of the year, but a few days now and then all through the year; and never aimlessly, just because it has to be done. There should be a definite object in every man's holiday, something to take the place of his daily duties; he must be able to work as hard at his play as he does at his work, or he will not be happy. As far as we women are concerned, we don't want a holiday in the same sense of the word. We like a little change here and there, and we like to pay occasional visits, when we can leave all our housekeeping cares behind us, and return fresh and rested to our homes. I feel certain that I am expressing the wish of the majority when I advocate the speedy abolishment of one of our national discomforts—the "Summer Holidays."

LADY PHYLLIS.

BRIDGE By "PROBLEMATICUS"

A correspondent sends me the following hand, and asks what is the proper lead when the dealer has declared no-trumps:

Hearts—A, K, 6
Clubs—Q, 10, 8, 6, 4, 3
Diamonds—Q, 7, 6
Spades—3

There is manifestly a choice of leads: either you may lead the king of hearts and get a look at Dummy's hand before leading your long club suit, or you may open your clubs straight away by leading the 6.

It is, of course, an advantage to get a look at Dummy; and there is the further advantage that you have put it in your partner's power to put you in again with your ace of hearts whenever he gets the lead. The disadvantage is that, if you have any luck on the first round of clubs, and clear out the ace or king of clubs, your partner, instead of giving you back the club you want when he gets in, may not understand that you led from the ace, king of hearts, in order to see Dummy's hand, and by leading you a heart clear out your card of re-entry before clubs are established. But, in spite of this disadvantage, the king of hearts is the soundest opening lead.

With regard to the minimum no-trump call, another correspondent asks me about the following formula:

Let an Ace = 5; King = 4; Queen = 3; Jack = 2; Ten = 1; and an average hand = 15

A no-trump declaration should only be made on a hand which = 20, *i.e.*, on a hand containing at least a K, 10, or Q, Kn, above the average.

I have always thought this a very sound formula; but it is necessary to bear in mind that the trick-taking value in no-trumps of a hand which, by this formula = 20, depends also on the distribution of the cards—*you must have three suits protected.* These are protected suits: K, 10, 2; K, 4, 3, 2; Q, J, 9; Q, 4, 3, 2. A suit containing better cards than these is, of course, better protected. But you must not expect to win every time on such a hand; indeed, if you win on it twice out of three times you will be lucky.

This formula may be also applied to bad hands you hold as dealer, hands so bad that you are tempted to make a defensive declaration of spades. I do not agree with "Badsworth," who would, apparently, have you leave the declaration to your partner, even if you have a hand without a picture card in it. I have, indeed, suffered from the defensive spade declaration, since once my partner made it in the rubber game when I held four aces and enough other good cards to make game in no-trumps. Still, I am of the opinion that, with the luck running against you, on a very bad hand you should declare spades.

MR. AITCHISON'S

"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 12 "Eyestrain, or Asthenopia."

Eyestrain is frequently the result of some actual defect of vision, particularly such as short or weak sight when complicated with astigmatism. But is also in many cases due to weakness in one or the other of the muscles which control the movements of the eyes, more especially those on the outer or inner side. When it arises only from this latter cause it is more puzzling to the sufferer because he can still see well, it is difficult to make him appreciate the fact that spectacles or eyeglasses can relieve him. Eyestrain is the primary cause of headache, and the best authorities have come to the conclusion that half the cases of headache which are treated in the ordinary course of medical practice are really due to eyestrain, and consequently treatment by means of spectacles or eyeglasses should first be tried.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Train Service between London and Margate

The President of the Margate Chamber of Commerce is very desirous that it should be widely known that, for the first time for many years, very sweeping changes have been made in the Running Schedule of the Passenger Train Service between London and Margate. These changes afford facilities for business men, not only to arrive at their offices at hours more convenient than heretofore, but by the additional fast trains they are enabled to leave London for the Coast at a much later hour.

A Blaze of Dahlias

Dahlias of all colours and types will be on view in the Princes Hall of the Italian Exhibition, Earl's Court, on September 15 and 16, when the Annual Exhibition of the London Dahlia Union will be held. This is the only show of dahlias held in the centre of the great Metropolis, and within easy reach of all Suburbia. A great deal has been written of late about the value, or otherwise, of the Cactus Dahlia for garden decoration. In order to test this as fully as possible, Mr. F. G. Gledstanes is offering valuable special prizes for vases of cut blooms of varieties best adapted for general decorative purposes. This will result in an easy and instructive competition, especially as special general lines have been laid down upon which the flowers are to be judged. Mr. Richard Dean, Ealing, W., will act as secretary for the display.

Forthcoming Books

Mr. John Lane will publish on September 4 a new illustrated edition of Mr. Kenneth Graham's "The Golden Age." This will contain eighteen full-page photogravure plates, cover-design, title-page, and end-papers, by Mr. Maxfield Parrish. Mr. Lane also announces for the same date "The Bertrams," by Anthony Trollope, in the New Pocket Library; and "The Book of the Iris," in Handbooks of Practical Gardening.

A Cornish Romance

Mr. John Lane also announces for immediate publication a new historical romance of Cornwall, entitled "Sir Bevill," by Arthur Christopher Thynne. The hero is Sir Bevill Granville (or Grenville), grandson of that Sir Richard, who, in his "little revenge," defied a Spanish fleet. Sir Bevill fought for King Charles in the Civil War, and was killed at Lansdown. The author, who is Rector of Kilkhampton and Canon of Truro, is a descendant of his hero, and has an intimate knowledge of the country and people he describes. He was a friend and neighbour of Hawker of Morwenstow, who also wrote of Sir Bevill. The book contains a portrait of Sir Bevill, and seven illustrations by Mr. J. Ley Pettybridge. On the same date, Mr. Lane will issue Volume III. of his new biographical series, "Living Masters of Music," namely, "Sir Edward Elgar," by Mr. R. J. Buckley, with illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"They Twain." By Mrs. Aubrey Richardson. (Fisher Unwin.) 6*s*.

"The Queen's Advocate" By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward, Lock and Co.) 6*s*.

"The Peculiar History of Mary Ann Susan." By B. C. Blake. (Fisher Unwin.) 3*s*. 6*d*.

"The Romance of a Lovely Woman." By C. E. Playne. (Fisher Unwin.) 6*s*.

"Great Expectations." By Charles Dickens. (Nelson's New Century Library.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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,, ...	Herrn. Adolf Geisler, Hauptpostlagernd
Heidelberg	Herren Bangel and Schmitt, 5, Leopold Strasse
Leipzig	Herrn. Heinrich Brandt, Schliessfach No. 10
Nuremberg	Herrn. H. Schrag
Stuttgart	Herrn. K. Wittwer, 32, Friedrichstrasse
Wiesbaden	Herrn. J. Levi
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Christiania	Mr. Bertrand Narvessen, Stortingsgaden 2
Lisbon	Senor J. Santos Rocha, 98, Rua do Arsenal
Odessa	Mr. M. Finkelstern, 13, Remeslenaya Str.
Madrid	Senores Romo y Fussel, 5, Calle de Alcala
Geneva	Librairie de Mont Blanc, En Face de la Poste
Lausanne .. .	Messrs. T. Roussy and Co., 2, Rue de Bourg
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THE BYSTANDER is also on Sale at the Railway Station Bookstall in the following towns:

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1 Felt ,,	3	6
1 Straw ,,	4	6
1 Cap	1	11
1 College Cap	4	11
1 Hat Box	5	11
1 Nail Brush, 6d., Tooth ,, 4½d.	0	10½
1 Hair Brush	1	6
1 Clothes ,,	1	6
1 Comb	0	9
1 School Trunk	10	9
1 Play Box	4	11
1 Dressing Gown	10	9
3 Pairs Socks at 1/6	4	6
3 ,, Hose ,, 2/2	6	6
3 Undervests ,, 3/11	11	9
3 Drawers ,, 4/6	13	6
3 Night Shirts ,, 4/6	13	6
3 Ties ,, 1/-	3	0
6 Eton Collars ,, 4½d.	2	3
1 Pair Gloves	2	6
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